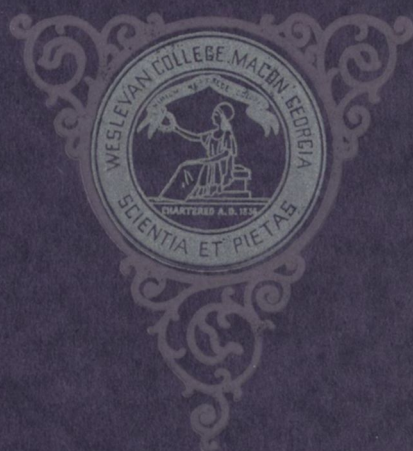




THE WESLEYAN

La Femme Number



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Ad Astra per Asperum

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Table of Contents

FOREWORD	3
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS	4
DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN	7
I DREAD THE SPRING—(<i>Poem</i>)	7
EQUALITY OF MAN WITH WOMAN— <i>A Myth</i>	8
MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE?	10
EDITORIAL:	
Varium et Mutabile Femina	12
Alma Mater, Thee We Honor	12
A Friend to Woman	12
MIRAGE—(<i>Poem</i>)	14
WOMAN AT THE CROSSROADS	15
ALUMNAE	16
YOU AND I—(<i>Poem</i>)	18
POOR DEAR SALLY—(<i>Poem</i>)	19
WHY I'M GLAD I HAVE NEVER KISSED MY ELBOW	24
FORGET-ME-NOTS—(<i>Story</i>)	26
LETTERS:	
Annapolis Letter	31
Emory Letter	32
PERSPECTIVE—(<i>Poem</i>)	34
HER FOLKS—(<i>Story</i>)	35
THE CATCH-ALL	40
TIPS—(<i>Story</i>)	42
EXCHANGES	45
TO GET A MAN—(<i>Play</i>)	46

Foreword

Woman, the woman of yesterday and the woman today, are two entirely different beings. This we hear on all sides. The magazines, both university and popular ones, have for the last year had articles attacking or defending the woman of today. Since the woman of today is so much in the limelight, it is fitting for women of today to write of themselves and their sisters.

The Wesleyan as a publication of the oldest chartered college for women in the world which has thus been a pioneer in advancing the progress of women feels the urge to add its discussion to that of all the other magazines.

The status of woman is at a crisis, and the next few years will determine the true position of women. Such articles as are prevalent now may do much harm or much good. In hope of diminishing the harmful and increasing the good effects, the Wesleyan is devoting this issue in the main to the woman and her problems.

Contributing Editors



MISS MAMIE HARMON, of the class of '26, dips into the realm of the unknown with her clever and polished article, "Why?", inspired by the philosophical thoughts of a seven-year-old boy.

Contributions from other colleges come in the form of two letters from Emory and Annapolis. C. R. Sanders, author of the Emory letter, is a member of the Sigma Upsilon Honor Fraternity, and is studying at the university this year as graduate student. Lamar Curry, illustrator as well as author of the Annapolis letter, is a member of the LOG staff.

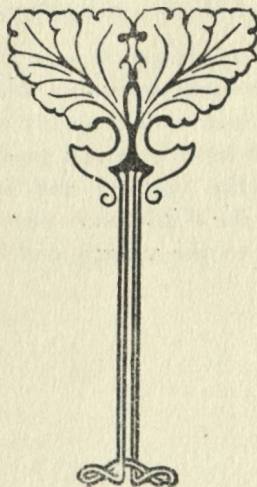
Recently elected a member of the Scribes and Pharisees, Miss Vivian Pinson again reveals her ability as a writer in her two articles, "Dream of Fair Women," an essay of poetic beauty, and "Forget-me-nots", a gripping short story.

"Equality of Man with Woman—a Myth", an answer to the challenge of masculism by John Macy, in Harper's for November, takes up the woman's banner in the eternal question, and gives a cleverly written argument. The author signs herself, An Admirer of Men.

Miss Dorothy McKay, author of the poem, "Mirage", is well known as a contributor to college publications. "You and I", by Lois Birch is a poem of meditative beauty.

Miss Lucile Jordan enters a new field of writing in her one-act play, "To Get a Man", portraying an animated scene from college life.

"Tips", a dialect story, is the work of Miss Sarah King, whose clever humor is seen weekly in the columns of the Watchtower.



Dreams of Fair Women

By VIVIAN PINSON, '28



HE night was warm and fragrant with the scent of hyacinths, dreamy violets, and piercingly sweet arbutus; the moonlight silvered spray fell on the smooth cool rocks and from its soft white foam there came a form surpassingly fair. The west wind lifted her and gently wafted the lovely Venus to the island of Cythrea, where the grace and blossom of her beauty won every heart. The Hours and Graces surrounded her, and always they remained near her twining sweet smelling garlands and weaving lovely gowns for her that reflected the perfume of roses, lillies, and lotus. In her brodered girdle the goddess of beauty carried the secret of her power carefully hidden—the secret of love and charm. Most blessed are the children of earth to whom she imparts this magic secret.



The young warrior was a stranger at court but so tall and handsome was he that the king smiled upon him and besought him to remain within the palace. Now the king had a beautiful wife—in her veins was the wild blood of Romy, her cheeks were crimson with the wine of youth, and from the depths of her eyes peered a sprite—willing to dare and lose if necessary for love. Young Paris became mad with adoration and the great goddess chose that their love should conquer and fair Helen was taken to Troy.

The great black arms wet with sweat of much toil shone in the sun. The oars moved in regular time and the boat slid rhythmically down the stream. In the shadow of the bright colored awning, a young Ethiopian slave waved a peacock fan. On the robes of state reclined the Queen of Egypt. Great pearls embraced her creamy throat and the flowers in her glossy, raven hair blended with the

colors of her soft clinging gown. Through half-closed eyes she watched the shore move slowly past, the children at play on the banks, the fields green with growing grain, birds, caroling sweetly—and at her feet, the young Roman, Mark Antony. Cleopatra raised her jeweled hand and touched his waving hair.

The little maid was hurried away amidst heart-breaking tears into captivity. Hard was the fate of her people and the little child was very sad. But her beauty was strange, exotic, and fascinating, and so it came about that she was sold into the court of the king, Ahasuerus. The heart of the grave king was melted at her winsomeness and Esther became his queen. For such a cause as this she was brought unto this day that she might save her people from destruction. Great was the service of the lovely queen and well did she grace the throne of the land from India even unto Ethiopia.

The death stand was red with the blood of the heroes of France. The crowd whispered, hoarse with fear or laughed bitterly. Soldiers guarded the place closely, the executioner stood ready in his black mask, axe in hand. Slowly the small figure of the young Austrian woman mounted the steps and with her beautiful lips firm with courage unflinching, Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, laid her head on the block.

The sun threw barred shadows across the prison floor. A diminutive girl exquisitely pale in a simple black dress leaned her aching head against the cool iron. Before her closed eyes came visions of a great kingdom, England and Scotland united and the world at her feet. Somewhere in the background the haughty Elizabeth would be begging for

mercy from her, Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots.

The thatched roof cottage was silhouetted against the murmuring pines. The tall hemlocks were gray with hanging moss. It was October in Arcadia. Young Gabriel, fair lad, was telling the maid of his all-conquering love. Her black eyes were soft with ethereal beauty and her lovely brown tresses held the light of the fire. But fate brought the English soldiers and took young Gabriel away and Evangeline with the Arcadian peasants was landed on the bleak rock coast of New Foundland. The years were long that brought her at least to the side of the dying Gabriel but meekly

she bowed her beautiful head and murmured, "Father, I thank thee."

Beauty lives forever in the hearts of men. We find it in the dreams of the Past and the dreams of the Future. The Past we know, but of the Future—who knows? Yet down the golden pathway of the future we but dimly see the woman of tomorrow and through the mist we catch but a glimpse of her entrancing loveliness—a culmination of all that is good and beautiful, and we feel even now the spell of her charm that will prostrate at her feet an adoring world. Here's to the Fairest of the Fair—The Woman of Tomorrow!

Ships in Moonlight

By MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27

Ships in moon-light passing by,

Dream-boats sailing in the sky,

Sailing for ports unknown, o'er enchanted seas,

Sailing for realms beyond, lands of mysteries,

Laden with treasures rare, silver, purple, gold,

Laden with phantasies, cherished dreams untold,

Out of the night they come, swift silent hosts,

Into the night return, white winged ghosts—

Ships in moon-light passing by,

Dream-boats sailing in the sky.

I Dread the Spring

By MARGARET CHAPMAN, '28

*Today I do not miss you, dear, ah no!
There is no trace of you in leafless trees, . . .
In crusted earth . . . in drizzling snow,
I find no touch of you in all of these.
The grim horizon frowns . . . forbidding . . . grey.
Ah no, I do not miss you, dear, today!*

*But when the warm earth opens up her heart
And shows the flower thoughts she hid away,
I will then feel how far we are apart,
And miss your smiling through the radiant day.
I cannot bear to hear the warbler sing.
My dear I dread the Spring!*



Equality of Man With Woman—A Myth

AN ANSWER TO THE CHALLENGE OF MASCULISM, BY JOHN MACY

By AN ADMIRER OF MEN

The Article by John Macy may be found in Harper's for November, 1926.



TO ANSWER the article on Masculism by Mr. Macy is to run the risk of lowering the whole sphere of women. It is answered now only at the instigation of the editor of this publication who wishes it for the issue of the Wesleyan to be devoted to Women. It is by the absence of such articles that the superiority of women to men has been maintained.

Well, this article is the view of a mere woman, because a woman writes it. Material for this article was drawn from observation of men, the study of the lives of men, some great, some less great, and from conversation with men. The conclusion from these studies, observations, and conversation is that: Men do not like one another. Witness, the feeling of Brutus toward Caesar, the feeling of Douglas toward Lincoln, and the feeling of Lodge toward Wilson. I do not know why this antipathy, for some of these men holding an antagonistic attitude toward another man were really superior men, they had enough great qualities to content them, example, Brutus.

But, I take the exceptional men here, which fault Mr. Macy fell into in his article, taking the exceptional woman instead of the average. A better exceptional of masculine dislike for each other would be reasonless blackballing in fraternities, personal insults in law-courts, and bootlicking and slander for political positions.

II.

Mr. Macy quotes the exceptional class of women or sect of women when he creates the opinion that women have ever asserted their physiological equality with men. No normally thinking person will deny that there has been, is now, and

always will be a physiological inferiority of women to men. Mr. Macy mentions the brutal element of man, the lowest phase of his nature, which tyrannized over this weakness and caused numberless lives to be wasted. Although Mr. Macy generalizes this quality, we defend a part of the whole race of men by saying that all men are not guilty of this tyranny but have a kindly perception, unswayed by those elements described by Mr. Macy. An example of this unusual group of men is Ibsen, and also John Stuart Mills, both of whom were mentioned by Mr. Macy as liberators of womankind.

Let us see what the man regime has accomplished up to date.

For hundreds of years, for thousands of years, because of man's power to do so, it was possible:

For men to collect their wife's wages from her employer.

For men to be highly educated while their wives were denied this privilege.

For man to assert his undisputed superior wisdom.

For men to control boards of education.

For men to live as base a life as he chose to and still have the right to take a necessarily-pure woman as his wife.

For men to divorce their errant wives, but for this right to be denied the wife with an errant husband.

This list of evils under the man regime could be elongated. These evils would have continued until the present day, and now they are not entirely gone "by a long shot," had not a few "neurotic," "sadistic," or "masochistic" women rebelled. In this alleviation period Mr. Macy mentions the large part played by men, naming Mills and Ibsen for

proof. As we stated before these men helped wonderfully but they were the exceptional men rather than the average man. They did less than did the steady, countless progress of countless.

III.

Mr. Macy laughs at suffragettes and women voting. Yet, the vote is the key whereby women can better those evils cited by Mr. Macy.

One point we concede to Mr. Macy. "Woman is her own worst enemy." But why? It is because she has been held in bondage by man's physiological superiority, which fact forced her to use her most primitive qualities to accomplish her aims, and to "low-rate" her fellow women. This slavery developed the sneaking, feline, catty quality of women. Yes, we admit with regret that this catty quality does exist in countless women, but at man's cultivation. In justice to woman's present status we offer the opinion that this trait disappears in proportion as women become more free from the fetters enforced by men, and this freeing from shackles comes with education. America was the foremost nation to offer freedom to women in the broad sense in which this discussion takes it, and America was first because she was the first nation on earth to give educational opportunities to women. And on the opposite side, China and India are outstanding in modern history as countries holding women in subjection, but this subjection is being removed in proportion as educational advantages are being given the women.

IV.

Mr. Macy states that men cooks prepare more "palatable" dishes than do women cooks. There is a question there about what Mr. Macy means by palatable and about the person judging the quality. If he means enjoyable to the taste of the masculine adult, and we think that is the meaning intended, then it is a fortunate thing that his state-

ment may have some truth in it. A child does not need the same kind of food that a man needs to pronounce it "palatable," and the woman's chief concern has always been to prepare to the best of her knowledge those things most conducive to the welfare of the child. When he was a child Mr. Macy properly considered his mother's dishes palatable enough. The assertion may be true, even today, for the present mother is more concerned with the amount of vitamins, the number of calories, and the qualities of food for her children to think much about whether it will be the most palatable dish for her husband. Which fact is most fortunate for all parties concerned—including the husband.

V.

Throughout his entire article Mr. Macy takes the exceptional woman instead of the one or ones applying to the rule. All women do not wish institutions to rear their children; all women do not play bridge "while Willie plays solitaire"; all women do not leave their children to be cared for by ignorant nurses; and all women do not spread propaganda for "the same rights as men have, equality with men," but most women have gone quietly through the ages enjoying home life to the best of its advantages. These women were and are in a moral and spiritual plane far superior to men.

The concluding point is that Mr. Macy again takes the exception to the rule when he cites the faults of women, namely, cattiness, snobbishness, and a tendency to a sort of pious, self-inflicted martyrdom. He forgets the women who have had none of these faults. And he also forgets, I hope unintentionally, the women who have fashioned the lives of great men after their ideal. He merely says that there have been no outstanding women among the giants of literature, painting, music, and other arts and sciences. He forgets the debt that every genius owes to some woman. It has ever been a case of the captive making captivity captive.

More Deadly Than the Male?



WOMEN have been greater than men in only one respect, according to men and the women themselves. Women have been building up civilization and have shown a genius for home building which makes them greater than men. But it is generally agreed that in all other fields, they have not proved themselves the equal of man. In fact, there is only one woman recognized by the whole world today as great as any man of highest fame. The woman is Mme. Curie, who with her husband, as men invariably point out, discovered the magic potion of the age, radium, but who actually is the original discoverer of radium for she pointed out to her husband the remarkable qualities of its nature. And yet, this epoch is spoken of as that of the reign of feminism so much that it is rumored that men will have to adopt the custom of wearing beard again to keep their individuality.

The lack of world figures among women, however, is not due to any intellectual inferiority of the women nor to superior capability of the men. The advance of women has been phenomenal when one considers the many centuries they have been submerged as mere household slaves, social ornaments, mere children with no freedom of thought while men since the beginning of the world have been warriors and lords of their manors with untrammelled activity and thought. Such names as Judith and Esther, heroines of the Hebrews; Sappho, poet of the Greeks; Joan of Arc of France; and Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth of England stand out among



centuries of masculinism when the vast majority of the women were but chattels and ornaments. Is it any wonder that woman has not reached the heights which man has attained in every endeavor? Is it not a wonder that she has accomplished what she has when it is remembered that not until 1882 were women recognized as owners of the money which they themselves earned?

A witty expression, calling attention to the shackles women have had to keep them from soaring to the heights of fame which men have attained, was made by Myrtle Reed in an essay, "A Woman's Career": "What would have become of Spencer's 'Data of Ethics' if he had had two dress makers in the house while writing it? What of Tadema's 'Spring' if a passing wind had blown his bunch of false puffs or his coronet braid into the wet paint of the temple steps? What of 'Crossing the Bar' if Tennyson's side combs and hairpins had suddenly dropped and his transformation pompadour had soaked up every drop of ink in the house before he could get it off his desk? What of Elizabeth's prayer in 'Tannhaeuser' if a frowsy maid had suddenly burst in upon the inspired Wagner with the cry, 'Please sir, little Willie has fell down the well?'"

Manouvrier, a great French anthropologist, made this statement, "Man has generally undertaken the work requiring great effort exerted suddenly and for a short space of time; woman has done most of the hard drudgery of existence." With the awakening of woman in this century this is less true than ever before, but the feeling of superiority which

has been ingrafted in man by ages of dominancy and the impression of superiority which he has made upon the world are even now restricting the chances of women holding higher positions in industry and society, taken in the broadest sense of the word. Still there are many cases of women, better prepared and having given proof of higher capability than the men above them, being kept down, always seeing men filling the more desirable positions. It is a fact recognized and taken advantage of that women are cheaper labor than men. This is not truly an age of feminism. It is but another age of masculinism with feminism struggling not to make it woman's age but to make it that of man and woman.

Despite the fact that woman's achievements are eclipsed by those of man, women have performed no little part in the civilization of the world in addition to their home building and race bearing contributions. Considering the accomplishments of women with such names as Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Blackwell, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, Christina Rossetti,

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, George Sand, Mme. Schuman-Heink, and Edith Wharton and the handicaps under which women of necessity worked, who can tell to what heights women will soar when they have finally succeeded in battering down the bars with which the superiority complex of man has enclosed them?

Perhaps it will be soon, perhaps never. Perhaps some day it will be worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned, which is all the world, how women may have a career, and yet there will not have to be a decay of domestic life.

In the February Century Will Durnant in an article on "The Modern Woman" makes the following exhortation which expresses the hope of the world concerning this problem: "Let us hope that these are but the difficulties of transition, that our chaos of mind and morals, of politics and art, is an illucid interval between a system of order that is dying and one that is being born—one that emerges slowly, not from our theories and our argument but from the trial and error adjustment of human impulses to the unnatural condition of an industrial, urban, and secular age."

Cinquain

*Come now,
Out of the dim
Drear dusk—no sun, no sunset glow.
Ride high, O moon! I would leave
The low.*

EDITORIAL

Varium et Mutabile Femina



SINCE Vergil there has always been the mocking excuse for the whims and foibles of woman, "*varium et mutabile femina*." There has also always been the sting of ridicule clothed in the phrase, "the eternal feminine."

Just as in the days of Dido and Cleopatra, in this day and time the little illogicalities and inconstancies and whimsicalities of a woman are branded as "just like a woman," are looked upon as charming traits if the woman is pretty, but are considered with disgust if she is not. No matter how deep the penetration of mind and how profound the reasoning ability a woman possesses, she is given no credit for them if she does little things which seem illogical and uncalled for in the eyes of a man. A woman has the "eternal feminine" to live down, and she must prove that a woman is not always a fickle and changeable thing or that there is a logical purpose behind the seeming fickleness and changeableness.

If a woman is to be judged entirely by these traits and foibles, why is not a man to be judged by his foibles of "the eternal masculine," to coin a phrase. Just as capriciousness and little illogicalities compose the "eternal feminine," do not boastfulness, a tinge, or sometimes even more, of egotism, conceit, and pride comprise "the eternal masculine"?

For the benefit of the men who may read this, it is not the purpose of this editorial to incriminate the men, but it is to vindicate the women.

Alma Mater, Thee We Honor

Man owes to no other woman in the world quite the same debt of gratitude that he does to his college mother—his alma mater. He, a youth, with his day at its dawn, is under her benevolent influence only a short time, but in that time she gives unto his keeping all the implements with which he is to harvest the field of his life. She fills him with the desire to develop and utilize all the resources of his heart, soul, mind and body. That his harvest field might be the more abundant she fills him with ambition. With her help he discovers his abilities and the limitations of his abilities. He comes to "know himself." Through her he comes into contact with the greatest laborers of his day and is encouraged not only to imitate but also to excel them.

Truly man owes much to her—the mother who prepares him for life after his own mother has started him in the way he should go. Realizing

this he expresses his gratitude to her in many ways. Sometimes he uses his time in her service. Often he gives money, buildings, scholarships, libraries. Always he pledges and keeps loyalty and love undying for this second mother of his life.

A Friend to Woman

When Ruth declared her willingness to follow Naomi to her own lands, and stay with her among her own people, she brought to herself the praise of centuries. When a woman today lets the friendship for another woman disturb in anyway her daily routine of man-made duties, she is ridiculed for it. In the parlance of our college life it is a "crush." In the last anatomy the word "crush," which Mr. Webster scorns to include even in his addenda with other slang, seems to signify any friendship between women in which the person using the term has no part. In all justice to men it should be added that the word seems to be coined by women, and used exclusively by them, and solely for the purpose of describing another woman's friendship.

We are advised by the sages to make friendships in college, and we are told by those who are wiser in point of years that the friendships made in college are the most lasting. We dare not, however, make friends with any other woman a few years older, or girls a little younger, or even become intimate with any girl of our own age, for fear of having that friendship which we would treasure become an object of ridicule for other women.

The Greek classicists gave as one of their most exalted dramatic themes the love of one man for another. From the days of Damon and Pythias on the classic stage, until the modern moving picture show, with its Beau Geste, the love of one man for another has been praised. Women, in their turn, are criticized for the lack of loyalty to their kind. Perhaps it is true that by nature women lack some of that love for each other which is so admirable in men, but there is little hope of cultivating the feeling in womankind if each effort at close friendship is met with criticism and, which is worse, ridicule.

It is easy enough to be a friend to man, but to be a friend to woman one must brave the lashing tongue of public opinion.

Mirage

By DOROTHY MCKAY, '28

*You came—
Fair morning glowed you in—
The door stood wide—
Bright sunlight beams
Kissed soft your hair—
Your pearly fingers bade me love—
You coming.*

*You left—
Grey twilight hid your smile—
The door stood wide—
Dark shadows dwelt
In your cold hair—
Your ivory fingers made me hate—
You leaving.*



Woman at the Cross Roads

By DOROTHY JONES, '27



UNDOUBTEDLY the romance of hoop skirts and powdered hair have a charm all their own, but in this day of efficiency it is an interesting question as to whether or not they would be able to hold their places beside the more modern knee skirts and bobbed hair.

In fact, this might be characterized as the bobbed age, for while the same results are achieved, every thing is done in the shortest, most effective way, and while woman's influence in this direction has not been small, we must bear in mind that a critical period is confronting the woman of today, and the choice she makes determines the future status of womankind as leaders and doers of things or as followers.

The business world is more open to woman today than ever before because she has shown efficiency in management and understanding equal to that of man. Honest work is no longer considered a disgrace, but an honor, and though women are comparatively new in the professional world they have won distinction in many fields. It is only too



true in this world of ours that one failure counterbalances many successes, and such is the case in the political world of women. When thinking over the part women have had in recent government, one turns immediately to "Ma" Ferguson and her administration often times to the exclusion of other women who have done great and lasting work. It is true that "Ma" Ferguson has hurt woman's cause, but women, will carry on, and rise above her failure.

The present generation is often characterized as headstrong, flippant, and immoral. If this be true then the parents have failed in their mission to improve each generation, but this same idea has prevailed from time immemorial, and they have not failed, but have produced a sane, thinking, efficient youth.

Today is a critical period in woman's history, and we must bear in mind that each individual has a life to live, a mission to fulfill, and a journey to travel, the end of which depends on the choice she makes at the crossroads.

Gold

*Slowly, slowly as the sun
Slips o'er the line and day is done,
Here and there one looks and sees
The hoardes of gold for him it leaves:
Far and near the windows shine
With golden lure.*

Alumnae

By MAMIE HARMON, '26



NE of the most interesting acquaintances I have made recently was with a very precocious seven-year-old, named Billy.

Billy liked me, I think because I took him seriously. (I don't know anything about children in the ordinary sense, but I do realize that they would rather be treated as serious human beings than like surprisingly animated dolls.) So it happened that I had the privilege of hearing Billy's essay on his latest hobby, astronomy. After a concise description of each of the more important stars (I suppose they were the important ones—personally I don't know one from another), Billy "came down to earth" and read seriously, "The world is a place made for folks to live on." And that closed the subject with him. I looked twice to see if even a seven-year-old could be guilty of sarcasm or facetiousness, but his wide blue eyes met mine so seriously that I could only nod gravely in assent. I wonder how much he knew about what he said. The world—well, I suppose they still teach geography in the second grade, and he knew about six city blocks of it by personal contact. Naturally he did not bother much about when and where and how it was made.

"In the beginning God created"—though, of course, that was in the beginning and people have done a good deal of making, unmaking, and remaking since then. "A place made for folks to live on"; that is a question. Most of us have some idea of the geography of this overgrown orange we inhabit, and we are willing to admit that it came into being somewhere and somehow. But WHY?

I remember reading once in psychology (I hope I remember it, though I am never sure about anything psychological) that a sound does not exist until the

stimulus comes in contact with an ear; for instance, that a tree falling unheard in the middle of a forest would cause no sound because no ear was present. I don't remember any similar statement about color; it would be nice and logical if the same thing were true, though I never knew of psychology as being nice and logical. I am sure it must be true that beauty does not exist until it comes in contact with a soul capable of appreciating beautiful things. And it may be in this sense that the world was "made for folks to live on," in order that the possibilities for beauty in the universe might be realized in the response of beautiful souls.

When one starts asking "why" about things, the results are like the endless succession of 3's that turn up sometimes in an example in long division; there is no stopping them. And yet people go on wondering. It may be because folks are puzzling more than usual about the why's of things, or because it is the younger and more curious generation which is making itself heard today, (though I think it is because I am just getting sufficiently beyond the Billy stage of development to take notice)—at any rate in almost everything I read or come in contact with I am conscious of an undercurrent of just such stupendous question marks. In novels, drama, poetry, sometimes openly, usually with subtlety, one is presented with questions—"What is existing?" "Why is it?" or "Should it be?"

Among the other questions people usually ask, "Why bother about it? People have always wondered about things and never found out, so what's the use? Adam doubtless wondered why he was in the Garden of Eden." I have forgotten whose idea I am plagiarizing when I say it is the contemplation of

unsolvable problems that makes the mind grow. I won't recommend thinking to anybody—it is too hard a job (somebody else said that, too). But for those who have a chronic ailment consisting of the unanswerable why, I offer this consolation, that they are likely to be very choice souls indeed. I have never believed in trying to retrieve bad prose by quoting good poetry, but my conscience has already said what I have just been trying to. She wrote:

"The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That can not keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

I suppose Billy has long since forgotten his venture into the realm of astronomy. In fact the last time I saw him he was firmly convinced that plumbing was the only profession for a man of parts and was absorbed in the intricacies of the kitchen sink. Doubtless he would be horrified at my lack of progress if he could know that I am still chasing his stars around the firmament.

The clever article which appeared in the December issue, titled "Christmas and Art" through mistake, was not signed. The alumnae department wishes to ask the pardon of Isabella Harris, '26, last year's editor of the Wesleyan, for the failure to acknowledge her contribution. Perhaps her experiences as an editor are still vivid in her memory, and she has already pardoned the error. This we sincerely hope.

Gray

*Soft it brushes as the frost
And leaves its shadow's pall
On hair of gold or chestnut brown,
To make of it a shrine for all.*

*Thick it spreads as the snow,
And makes of clouds a dark array,
To send biddies fluttering inside,
And put joy from man's heart away.*

You and I



By LOIS BIRCH, '27

*You are my friend, and always you and I
Have laughed together when the skies were fair,
And if miles between us stretched afar
My spirit called, and felt you answer there.*

*And if, when by the sea I stood in wonder
Trying to fathom from its depths the true
And watched the distant surge come flooding in,
I turned—and saw you loved it, too.*

*You felt the struggle to break some binding power,
The restlessness, so like a soul in pain
Just as at evening, when the rush is o'er,
The gnawing cares come surging in again.*

*We both have sensed the whisper of the spring time
And heard the toneless dirge of winter's coming
You have loved the sunlight on a hill far distant
And I the rain, the dead leaves gently thrumming.*

*And in that far off land they tell us
There's not a care or single tear
I wonder shall we recognize old faces?
It would be strange without you standing near.*

Poor Dear Sally

By MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27



RS. HARRIS sat at the old fashioned writing desk that had been her husband's before his death, and made out the weekly checks—three dollars and seventy-five cents to the Light and Water company, two dollars for the telephone, five dollars to the butcher, and one dollar and fifty cents to Aunt 'Relia, the washer woman. Her mind was evidently far removed from the business at hand, because between every check she found it necessary to glance at the desk calendar to find out the date again. When she had signed her name to the last one and had blotted it carefully, her eyes again sought the calendar, but not the number which she had written on the checks. No, a smaller number, fourteen long days smaller held her attention. On this day Jennie had gone to visit Elizabeth, nearly a hundred miles away. How lonesome she had been without her! She hoped Jennie hadn't guessed—Jennie so deserved a little pleasure, teaching here in town all winter long and she so young, too! She was glad that Jennie was having a good time.

Maybe she would get a letter from her today. Jennie's letters were next best to having Jennie herself home, because she wrote about everything she did, every one she met, and every where she went. Not many mothers had daughters like hers. Jennie was more than a daughter—she was a pal. Other mothers envied her. What they knew about their daughters they learned from such people as Priscilla Snelling or her cousin, Abbie Connall. Why only yesterday Bessie Johnson had been incredulous when Mrs. Harris had told her that Jennie always told her everything she did.

"You think so, Sally," Bessie had said, "but the time will come when you'll find out different. Now take my Willie Mae—" and Bessie had launched into a long discourse upon her daughter, Willie Mae, who had recently surprised her



mother by running away and marrying Henry Pike, the laziest one of the lazy Pike generation. But her Jennie do a thing like that! When Jennie married she would share her romance with her mother as she had always shared everything else with her.

Her pleasant reverie was interrupted by the chiming of the living room clock. It was ten o'clock; she must hurry. Before she went to town she must ask Lottie what was needed in the kitchen. She must see, too, if the postman had brought her a letter from Jennie. She had received only two this week. Usually when Jennie was away she heard from her nearly every day. There would surely be one today.

But there wasn't. There was only a circular pouring forth the praises of Superfine gasoline. Well, she would probably get a letter from her this afternoon.

She was glad that Jennie was enjoying herself so much that she had no time to write. She hoped Miss Abbie Connall, who was visiting in the same town hadn't told Jennie about the attack of influenza she had had this past week. Jennie would have come home immediately if she had heard that her mother had been ill. That was why she had let no one write to her about it. Anyway, she was over it now—had been out of bed for two days almost and was now going down town to pay the bills and do the marketing just as she and Jennie did on Saturdays.

Thirty minutes later Mrs. Harris stood before the varied assortment of vegetables in the Pic and Pae Grocerteria trying to decide between the carrots and spinach. If Jennie had been home, she would have wanted her to get spinach which she knew her mother liked and she, herself, would have insisted that they buy carrots because Jennie loathed spinach. How she missed her—that daughter from whom she had never been separated for so long before!

There was Martha Smith buying bananas. It had been a long time since she had seen Martha. Martha had been away. She must go and speak to her. No. Martha had seen her and was coming to speak to her.

"Mrs. Harris, dear Miss Sally, I've just gotten home and heard about your trouble. I do so sympathize with you," Martha was saying, "Wasn't it a great shock to you? Do you think you'll ever get over it?"

"Yes, Martha, it was awful, I've never had anything to come upon me so sudden-like. But then one never knows what's going to happen."

"Only too true," Martha assented, "To think that—that anything like this would happen to you! I just hope that time can make you forget the painful experience."

How sweet of Martha to sympathize with her!

"Oh, I'm getting over it fine, Martha—I feel almost as good as I ever did. Of course it was right bad at the time, but now—I don't look any worse for it do I?" After all, the flu wasn't like small pox. "Tell me that I look all right—not more than thirty years over sixteen, Martha," she pleaded smiling at her friend all the while.

"Miss Sally!" exclaimed Martha in an awe struck voice, "How can you jest so after—" she paused, then suddenly smiled understandingly, "I know, you brave woman, bearing it so nobly. I'm so sorry for you!"

It was nice to have her neighbor speak thus to her of her illness even if she did

seem to be making a mountain out of a mole hill. She thanked Martha for her sympathy and warmly invited her to come to see her.

"I'm coming over this very afternoon and hear all about it, you poor woman." Martha rearranged her purchases in her shopping bag and departed.

Mrs. Harris, left alone, finally decided to get carrots instead of spinach. She paid her bill and went out to get into the car parked in front of the store. As she was about to turn the ignition key, her attention was attracted to a young man who was coming at a furious pace down the street. It was William Holt, a friend of Jennie's, who was a frequent caller at the house when Jennie was at home. William did not see Mrs. Harris and was about to pass her by when she called to him from behind the steering wheel.

"Oh, William," the young man started as if suddenly awakened from a dream, an unpleasant dream. "I had a letter from Jennie today and she said to tell you—"

"Never mind, Mrs. Harris," William interrupted hastily, "I know it already." And thereupon resumed his furious striding down the street.

That was quite unlike William. Usually he would talk to her for quite a while when he saw her, but then he was evidently in a hurry, and likely enough Jennie had written him what she had told her mother to tell him anyway.

In a few minutes she had parked her car at the post office, where she had gone to mail a letter to Jennie. As she came down the steps, she met Miss Louisa Trammel, who had been one of her mother's best friends while her mother was alive. Miss Louisa greeted her eagerly, tenderly, sympathetically.

"Poor dear Sally! How you must be suffering! How can you be out so early after,—but then I won't mention it. I know you've had enough of it from others."

"Yes, everyone has been so thoughtful, Miss Louisa. It's good to feel you have friends when you are in trouble."

"You're feeling better now?" Miss Louisa asked solicitously.

"Why, I'm feeling almost as well as ever, except for a little weakness."

"Of course," murmured Miss Louisa.

"And I think that is because it was such a shock to my whole system."

"Indeed it was!" Miss Louisa exclaimed, quickly adding; "Is it really true that the doctor had to give you morphine after you heard—? Cousin Julia said Priscilla Snelling said it was."

"Nonsense, Miss Louisa, he just told me to stay in bed and take quinine every three hours."

"Well I'm glad to see that you are getting over it so well. If you are going to be home this afternoon I may drop in for a few minutes."

"Do come, Miss Louisa," Mrs. Harris urged.

"I'll be there about four, Sally. Good-bye, you poor child!"

"Good-bye, Miss Louisa."

As Mrs. Harris backed the car out into the street again, she wished that Jennie was with her to look for on-coming cars. Even in driving they worked together. She finally had the coupe once more in the street and on its way to the Carnegie Library, where she would select a book to help her pass away the time until Jennie should return.

Within the library, Mrs. Harris listlessly picked up and turned the pages of the new books on the table. None of them appealing to her, she went over to the magazine stand near the window. Here she found a magazine, on whose cover page was a girl with eyes exactly the same shade as Jennie's. She thought she would like to read a magazine whose editor-in-chief had such good taste in eyes. She moved around on the other side of the stand in order that she might have the proper light over her shoulder as she leisurely glanced through it.

She had hardly finished looking at its table of contents when she was aware of two voices whispering in library tones on the other side of the stand.

"I don't doubt a word of it and no wonder—such a shock—so suddenly."

Mrs. Harris had no intention of eaves-dropping, but having heard this much it would be rather embarrassing to announce her presence so late and anyway, they would be there only a minute perhaps.

"And they say," the first voice continued, "that the doctor had to give her morphine."

At the mention of morphine, Mrs. Harris became all attention. Just a few moments ago Miss Louisa had told her—Why, these women were talking about her!

"Poor woman, poor Miss Sally, so devoted to her daughter, too! Do you suppose she will ever get over it?"

"She was down town this morning. Martha saw her in the Pic and Pae. Martha said she looked awful, too."

Mrs. Harris was mildly irritated that Martha had felt called upon to comment upon her appearance to any one else. How could anyone expect her to look like a blushing school girl right after a spell of flu? Unconsciously she reached for her pocketbook with the little mirror in it.

The second voice interrupted; "Katherine, let's go to see her this very afternoon. I'll take her some white roses."

"That's just what I was going to suggest. Maybe she will tell us all about it. I'm just dying to hear."

The two selected a magazine and went to the desk to check them out. Soon they were gone.

Sally Harris had finally placed the two voices. They belonged to Lucia Wilkins and Katherine Jarette, the married daughters of two of her oldest friends. It gave her a pleasurable feeling to think that they were interested in her and so sympathetic, too. And they were coming to see her this very afternoon. Maybe Martha, Miss Louisa, Katherine and Lucia would all happen in at the same time. She would make tea in the new teapot that Jennie had given

her last Christmas and, while they drank orange pekoe and ate Lottie's dainty little caraway cakes, she would tell them all about her illness. Then they would know what to do if they should ever fall prey to the same malady. She would be sure to tell them that the doctor hadn't given her morphine. Somehow it was displeasing to her to have people think he had given her morphine when she had only had flu.

When the town clock was striking twelve, Mrs. Harris was depositing her small purchases on the kitchen table.

"Law, Miss Sally," Lottie came in from the dining room, "Why didn't you call me to hep you tote dem packages from de garage? I'se been in de dinin' room lookin' fer you dis las half hour!"

"Why, Lottie, what's the trouble?"

"Us is got comp'ny in de parler."

"You mean the living room, Lottie," Mrs. Harris corrected.

"No'm, Miss Sally, I tried to get 'em in dere, but de long tall un what talked so fass, I can't hardly make no head ner tail to what she says, de one dats kin to Miss Abbie Connall, jes' opened de parler door and said 'Us'll wait in here!'"

"Who else is with her, Lottie?"

"De preacher man what et dinner here one Sunday and de woman what wuz wif him."

Mrs. Harris immediately hastened to the little formal parlor which she and Jennie never used. At her entrance, Miss Priscilla Snelling arose and rushed forward seizing her hands in an affectionate manner. Sympathy exuded from her as water from a wet sponge when it is squeezed.

"Oh my poor dear Mrs. Harris!" she began, "Poor woman, how you must have suffered! Jennie marrying so suddenly!"

Jennie marrying! What did Miss Priscilla mean? Why Jennie was visiting in Haydenton—

"I was just telling Brother and Sister Carswell here," she rushed on, "how you two had never had a secret from each other before this, and now Jennie has picked up and married without you knowing a thing about it."

Jennie married! Was that why those women—was that why she had not heard from—was that why William—!

Miss Priscilla had not ended yet.

"And oh, Mrs. Harris, we are all so sorry for you, though we knew it would happen some day. All girls are alike."

All girls alike—her Jennie like Bessie Johnson's daughter!

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Harris, our church sympathizes with you deeply." Brother Carswell interrupted Miss Priscilla's voluptuous flow of words.

Miss Priscilla glanced reproachfully at Brother Carswell. After all, she was entitled to have first say because she had received the letter from Abbie Connall telling about the whole affair, how she with her own eyes had seen Jennie and Bob Wyatt, two suitcases and a hatbox, all leave town in Bob's car. Miss Priscilla was piqued for a few seconds. As a result little Mrs. Carswell had a chance to make herself heard.

"Mrs. Harris, we felt that you would feel better if we all had a nice long talk with you, if you would tell us all about Jennie's marriage, about her husband," she suggestively concluded.

"Yes," Miss Priscilla had regained her composure, "Abbie didn't write us a thing except that she had gone off to be married to the man. I hope she did better than Bessie Johnson's daughter."

Mrs. Harris hardly heard. Jennie married without telling her, without writing her a single word about the man! The idea of thinking Jennie would marry a shiftless man like Willie Mae Johnson married! Why a prince wasn't too good for Jennie!

"Oh, yes," she found herself saying, "Bob, (was that his name?) is the finest boy anywhere. Such a smart boy. Makes more than enough to support a wife on, too." Her audience was drinking in every word. Well, let them, no one would ever say that her daughter had married without her mother knowing her husband.

"We hoped that, Sister Harris, but feared that marrying so unexpectedly, so suddenly, you not knowing—"

"But Brother Carswell, I knew all the time, everything about it. Jennie always tells me everything and she wrote me as soon as Bob proposed. Bob wrote me a letter, too. Oh, he is perfect in every way!" When once she had started, it came easy to her. Broad is the road leading to destruction she thought, as she enumerated to her eager audience the virtues of her new son-in-law. The determination was so strong in her that the inhabitants of Castlebury should never know that Jennie had kept it a secret from her, had married as Willie Mae Johnson had. Jennie was a good girl even if she had married away from her mother. She would not let them criticize her Jennie as they criticized the Johnson girl.

So Mrs. Harris finally managed to satisfy the curiosity of her trio of visitors by aid of her imagination, her hopes, and her love.

After a half hour, they departed, informing Castlebury that it really wasn't as interesting as they first had thought, that Mrs. Harris had known it all the time, but that Jennie had made her promise to keep it a secret.

Mrs. Harris, after their departure, wandered aimlessly, dazedly about the house and into a library where a picture of Jennie greeted her. She could not cry, her sorrow was too deep for tears, she could only feel. Her daughter married—why she might as well be dead! If she had died, she would have at least known about it. Well, no one would say 'I told you so' about Jennie or about her either. That was one comforting thought.

The library door opened, a girl slipped in and ran to the woman at the desk.

"Mother!" and immediately Sally Harris felt the two arms of the girl she loved slip around her lovingly and her daughter's lips press her own. "Mother, Mother, dear, aren't you glad to see me?"

"Yes, yes, Jennie, precious, but—"

"But what Mother? You look so sad. I thought you'd be so happy to see me. But what, Mother?" she coaxed again.

"But where's your—?" Sally Harris

felt she must say it sooner or later, so she might as well get it over, "your husband?"

"My husband? Mother, for goodness sake! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, Jennie, darling, tell me it's not true!"

"It certainly isn't, Mother, you know I wouldn't marry without you knowing it! Who on earth told you that I was married?"

"Abbie Connall wrote Priscilla Snelling that you were. She saw you and Bob somebody leave in a car together."

"Why Bob just took me over to Mount Pleasant to Aunt Virginia's where I spent the night. Next day I started home and here I am."

"Jennie!" Sally exclaimed, "I've told every body in town, or rather Miss Priscilla, which is just the same, that you had written me all about your marriage, your husband,—everything."

"Mother! What for?"

"I didn't want them comparing you with Bessie Johnson's girl and looking at me with 'I told you so' in their eyes."

"When they find that I really am not—."

"Oh, they'll laugh at me, but since I have you, dear,—"

"Mother, they mustn't laugh at you," she concentrated for a minute, "I have it! A solution. If you just had a son-in-law, everything would be all right."

"But you needn't bother about that, Jennie."

"And you needn't either, Mother. I know a man, a perfectly wonderful man, who is extremely desirous of attaching himself to our household in that capacity. His name is—Mr. Robert Wyatt!"

"The one you married—I mean who married you—no, whom Miss Abbie married you to?"

"Yes, Mother, and the reason that I came home so early was to tell you all about him and get the family's consent. He was coming to see us soon. But now I think—yes, I know—Mother, where are the car keys? We're starting for Haydenton this very afternoon!"

Why I Am Glad I Have Never Kissed My Elbow

By MARGARET CHAPMAN, '28

*"What are little boys made of?
Rats and snails and puppy dog tails!
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice!"*



THE first ten years of my public life were spent in open warfare with the male sex, or more explicitly, my older brother. I would stand at a safe distance from the crowd of little boys, who were pretending to ignore me in seeming absorption in a forbidden game of mumble-peg, and switch my short skirts and chant at them that formula which was unquestionably the ultimatum in settling the question of sex superiority. My private life, however, was spent in quite another enterprise. Stationing myself before the mirror in my own room I would stretch my neck as far out as it would go and at the same time try to draw my sharp little elbow around to a point of contact with my mouth. The formula might be enough to satisfy other little girls, but I would take a chance on becoming a rat or a snail or a puppy dog tail.

Now that the elbow kissing charm has proved itself another of childhood's myths, and I have at last realized that nothing on earth can change me to a boy, I have built up a comfortable set of reasons explaining why I did not really want to kiss my elbow, anyway.

About the nicest thing connected with being a woman is the fact that it is fashionable to be one now. For more than three thousand years men were the fad, and any really far-sighted baby would invariably decide to be a boy just to be on the safe side. Girls were just like umbrellas and overshoes, necessary but very unimportant. In all justice we will have to admit that man was exceedingly skillful in keeping himself in public favor for such a long time, but his day is over now. Women are on the boom. It is just like being a last winter's hat to be a man, and quite like an advance

showing of summer styles to be a woman.

Being fashionable, we are interesting, not only to the opposite sex but also to ourselves and each other. There is not an old maid in the world who does not see something in a married woman to talk about, and not a Mother's Club on earth would miss the opportunity to lament over the old maids. We of the Younger Generation, however, are the most popular subjects for old maids, mothers, fathers, boys, preachers, teachers and what not, and no afternoon tea would be complete without at least a head-shaking over us. The men are standing around holding their breath and waiting to see what we will take away from them next, and trying to look exceedingly down-trodden and patient.

It is nice to hold the wheel and drive—especially when the car is new or the driver is just learning. As long as the novelty lasts it is fascinating. It may not be such a pleasure to be a woman a thousand years from now, when the double duties of keeping house and running the government have lost their newness. Today, however, when the right to vote and hold office is shining with its first coat of paint, and there are still a few opportunities left for enterprising women to get their names in the paper as the "first woman street-sweeper" or the "first woman something or other," it is really a joy to be one.

A few of the medieval advantages of womanhood still cling; such as the law that a man must get up and offer his seat to a woman on the street car, even if she does happen to be the very same woman who forced him to offer her his seat in the state senate at the last election. Today a woman is still allowed to

be temperamental and weep or pout or display her temper while man must run for the ammonia or the box of candy or the new dress, or whatever it is she wants. By tomorrow, however, man may wake to the fact that woman is taking his privileges and at the same time retaining her own, and if he is clever, he will take unto himself the woman's privilege to weep.

There are really more advantages in being a woman than can be enumerated. In fact, I would heartily recommend that everybody who has the power to choose should be a woman. Kissing the elbow seems to be entirely out of date. As for myself I have never kissed mine a single time—but sometimes—I must admit—I still wish that I could!

If You But Knew

*I am the morning lark
That soars to dizzy heights
And drinks in crystal lights
To sing to you.*

*I am the nightingale
That trills and gurgles away
The night in fitful roundelay
To silhouettes on moonlight silver
And—to you.*

Forget-Me-Nots

By VIVIAN PINSON, '28

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation."



HE earnest voice of the minister pleaded with the bent figure at the window. But the man in the dingy white suit with glaring black stripes did not show by a single movement that he heard. The eyes of number 634 were fixed vacantly on the prison chapel where for forty years he had seen his brothers under the stipe go in and out and which not once had he entered.

His hair was snowy white and his eyes seemed dark caverns from which a spirit lashed and bound peered forth in an agony of pain. His face on the other hand was expressionless. Time had hacked his features with its keen scythe and the scars were deep and evident but they were not marks of suffering or of remorse, rather aimless strokes on a blank canvass.

"God is love, my friend, and he gave his only begotten son that we, you and I, might have everlasting life."

The Reverend John Miller had placed his hand on Bill Maxwell's shoulder and with all the love and pity in his great God-loving soul he appealed to the man at the window.

The voice of the minister stirred something numb and almost dead inside him and roused painful memories but not a muscle in the face of the prisoner moved. He was still looking at the little white chapel beyond which the high prison wall raised its stifling bulk. Outside these walls Bill knew that men and women were walking and talking in Madison street. Three blocks out he knew that Madison street passed Myrtle Hill cemetery. It was Spring and the myrtle trees were in bloom. The pink of their riotous blossoms would soften the clear cut tombstones.

There must be many new graves by now. Fifty years may snuff out the

flame of many a life. Perhaps there was a new cemetery but the old graves would remain. Dust unto dust had returned and only the stark white monuments marked the passage.

What inscription did the stone over the lone grave in the northwest corner bear? Had the moss crept up and thrust its strangling fingers around the words carved there? Had the rains washed mud up on its smooth surface and left it to dry in the sun? There would be weeds, weeds with sharp thorns and poison berries. Perhaps there would be a bunch of forget-me-nots. Yes, it would have to be pale blue forget-me-nots, but they would stand out in clear relief against the ugly weeds. They would send their hungry roots down—down—down to stand on tip-toe out of the dead man's lips. Each Spring he would whisper again "Forget-me-not."

The minister turned sadly and crossed the bare floor across which the Spring sunshine threw barred shadows. The subdued clang of the iron door as it swung into place echoed down the empty corridor and told number 634 that John Miller was gone.

The sky was a delicate blue across which great snowdrifts of cloud floated away beyond the prison walls. A flock of chimney swallows swooped past. Some fluttered around the dome of the chapel but in a few seconds they joined the flock again, having found no resting place on the smooth granite surface.

From the opposite directions at intervals came hoarse yells of "C'mon Tip! Walk him, kid. C'mon home. Out—out!" The Hyenas were playing the Panthers—as young Scot Murray, up for five years had said, "We're all caged, so why not?"

Prison walls may do many things but it is not within their power to stop the

man who is brought to their gates and steal from him his mind and soul, the things which make him a man, and hedge in only a puppet, emotionless, purposeless, and heartless. Men are men with the fires of love and hate burning as brilliantly as ever within them even though ten thousand prison walls enclose them.

Men from all walks of life passed within these iron gates, some crushed, some rebellious, others with careless indifference. But days came and went with the same regularity as on the other side of the gaunt barriers and these men yielded to inexorable fate and settled down to work and play in much the same way as before.

The banker, up for embezzlement, rubbed elbows with the bandit, who shot to kill, and the two found a common level in the bond of their sin. Heredity and environment faded into the background. All were brothers in black and white and there was no caste.

So these prisoners played baseball with human enthusiasm. Twice a week they went to the movies in the Assembly Hall and laughed heartily at slap stick comedy. Sundays and Wednesday nights they went to the little white chapel, some because there was nothing else to do, and others in the hope that they might find there a ray of light for their darkened souls.

Many had risen from that altar with a new grip on life—a new will and an inward power to succeed. But many another had come and gone with the crusted shell of his heart untouched, to go back into the world embittered—with even more sinister impulses, restrained only by the fact that his will and daring had been cowed into submission.

Bill Maxwell had watched the line drift in and out for half a century. He had been brought over from the old prison when the new buildings were finished forty years before—on the morning when the last brick was placed in the wall.

He, along with the other prisoners,

had been herded into a patrol wagon and driven through the streets with only a glimpse of the busy life of the growing city. It was his first and only sight of the outside world since old warden Kane had led him to his first cell.

Kane had been a kindly old man and something in Maxwell's temperament had attracted him to the younger man. In those first weeks of despair he had calmed the broken spirit and offered the balm of his understanding sympathy. But Kane was old and soon another had taken his place.

Bill Maxwell was bitter that his only friend should be taken away, but never did a murmur escape him. God was laying on the lash harder than human will could stand, and slowly it seemed that the human element departed and left only the flesh and bones with a semblance of life—mechanical life.

Further friendship had not entered into the scheme of things. The man was too distant and unapproachable. Men came and went. Sometimes they spoke to Bill Maxwell, sometimes they only looked. Incoming prisoners asked him questions. He answered briefly. His voice was not sharp, only expressionless.

"Up for how long?"

"Life."

"For what, old man?"

"Murder."

"Ever ask for pardon?"

"No."

"The warden says you are the most probable prospect. Won't you ask when the time comes?"

"No."

"Why man alive, think of your relatives and friends."

"I have none."

"You don't want to die in prison, do you?"

"Yes."

And the prisoner would pass on, eyeing the gray-headed old man with curiosity.

Spot Calahan who was pardoned when the old prison was deserted had told

someone that Maxwell had a miniature of a beautiful girl that he always wore around his neck. Spot had seen it one day when Bill had fainted in the bakery. The day had been oppressingly hot, and Bill had been near the oven for a stretch of two hours. When he keeled over, Spot, who was firing the furnace lifted him into a chair and opened the collar of his shirt. Astonished at finding a miniature of such beauty and expensiveness he was examining it when Maxwell came to. He replaced the portrait hastily but Maxwell had seen him. He never mentioned it but he always wore his collar tightly buttoned during the hottest summer season.

This story was handed down. It was told each new man, and he in turn told it to someone else. The old man became a romantic figure. Nothing could be found to throw light on the story.

The warden had delved into the files but all he could find was his registration.

"April 19, 1870—William Maxwell, 634, convicted of the murder of Duncan Carter. Life Imprisonment."

The old book was yellow with age and the ink had turned a faded brown but the letters traced there were as vital in meaning as the day they were written. The other names in the book of that year were no longer familiar. The comparatively short sentences were out. Briggs and Starfield had been pardoned. Stubbs had died during the epidemic of influenza.

Ford had escaped when the kitchen and dining hall had burned in 1918. The fire had so nearly become uncontrollable that he had made his get-a-way good while the guards were fighting the flames. Fulton had been transferred to the state prison of Illinois, and only Maxwell was left.

He was too old to work now, and of late he had been having heart attacks. For two weeks at one time he had been confined to the prison infirmary. Nurse Sallie, the stubby little woman who presided over the prison sick rooms found something in the heart of the prisoner

that responded to her kind and sympathetic services.

It was through her that John Miller, pastor of Saint Paul's Episcopal church, had first been led to take an interest in old Bill Maxwell. But on the morning of his first visit even Nurse Sallie was surprised at the look of shock and deep hurt that came into the eyes of the man on the bed when she brought the minister in. His lips twitched for a moment. His face seemed very pale, outlined on the starchy whiteness of the hospital cot and his hand moved convulsively toward his heart.

The good woman feared that she had made a wrong move and that her future efforts would prove futile. Bill was sensitive and perhaps he was offended. But she could not undo what was done.

John Miller had an almost womanly intuition and with Nurse Sallie's previous explanation he sensed the situation at once and talked to the old man with such tact that the nurse felt sure the prisoner's heart would be moved if only faintly.

But Bill Maxwell, after the first glance, had looked out of the window and the even rows of brick on brick in the wall that passed next the building seemed to hypnotize him. He neither moved nor spoke.

The minister did not seem to notice but talked on in his clear even voice finally leaving with a promise that he would come again. His visits had been frequent and seemingly fruitless. The little woman noticed, however, that the prisoner began to look forward to them, and if the pastor was late, he became restless. So John Miller continued to come. Maxwell never spoke to him and rarely ever looked at him but if anyone fancied that some good might be done the minister never failed in his efforts.

But on this spring day he had prayed God that it would be different—only to be disappointed again.

He walked past the guarded iron gates and out into the busy street. But his

mind was with the man in the cell. The nurse had told him that morning that the doctor seemed to think that Maxwell's life was only a matter of a few weeks. Death was creeping steadily on and sin still held the emaciated fortress. The minister's heart was heavy.

The eastbound car was filled with people who laughed and chatted gaily. It was Spring and the sun was coaxing the little green things out of the dark dank earth. The breeze was sweet with the breath of spring showers and birds were caroling their love songs. People wondered at the minister's preoccupation.

The fire crackled merrily on the hearth. John Miller held the evening paper before him but he was not reading. An exquisite woman with beautiful white hair sat in a low rocking chair with her embroidery and watched him. The resemblance between these two was striking. The high forehead, the straight Greek nose and the firm square jaw were the same. In the man, the face was one of character and leadership, in the woman, one of beauty with a faint touch of haughtiness.

Twice she started to speak, but each time she picked up her work and straightened the tangled threads again. Finally she moved her chair a bit nearer the fire and spoke softly.

"John, you are sad tonight. Have things gone wrong?"

The minister lowered his paper and sat looking into the flaming coals.

"No more than usual, mother. I was just thinking. God's ways are so far beyond our understanding. I am trying not to feel discouraged. I suppose the general atmosphere of the prison is depressing."

"You were at the prison today?"

The woman picked up the tiny hearth broom hastily and began sweeping the already spotless hearth.

"Yes, I have been going there for some time. I haven't mentioned it for my labors have been without any apparent result. I have almost come to believe that the man is soulless."

"Who is he, dear?"

"You've heard of old Bill Maxwell—you probably haven't for no one seems to know very much about him. He is a life prisoner and the most unapproachable man I ever tried to work with."

She had been rearranging the bowl of roses on the table. The bud she held gripped in her hand fell crushed to the floor. She leaned over to pick it up as the minister went on.

"But I'm trying to get him off my mind. Won't you play for me tonight, mother?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but I really don't feel equal to it, tonight—some other time. I think I shall go up."

And the gray-haired woman left the minister seated before the dying fire.

That night shortly after two o'clock Bill Maxwell died. He was stricken about eleven and was removed to the infirmary. Doctors were called in but he was beyond medical aid and in an hour he lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never rallied.

The men moved about quietly and spoke in lowered tones. Their faces were sober and their eyes moist at times. Inside the little white chapel the prison band was playing Chopin's "Marche Funebre" and the prisoners were filling the long seats. Heads were bowed and the warden's wife sobbed aloud.

Six gaunt men in black and white bore into the little chapel for the first time the body of Bill Maxwell, number 634. For forty years he had sat in his barred window and looked at the high white steps but never once had he crossed the threshold.

Now his pained eyes were closed and his face was passive. Over his still heart rested the miniature of a very young girl. Nurse Sallie had shown it to the minister.

"The only thing he said before he went was that he wanted this like he had always worn it. His little sister, I suppose. He never said."

The minister examined the portrait.

"She is a beautiful child. The expression of her eyes reminds me of my mother. I wish I knew where she was, but I guess it is best that she doesn't know. It is queer that she never came."

"Perhaps she is dead."

"Quite probably," and the minister had replaced the miniature gently on the dead man's breast.

"The days of our years are three score years and ten—"

Slowly the minister read the Holy Book. His voice was vibrant with feeling.

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."

Men hardened by the sear of crime wiped their eyes and somehow the voice of John Miller brought comfort.

"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, Lord most holy, O merciful Saviour, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee."

And the casket was borne down the chapel steps and alongside the overshadowing wall.

The dawn was breaking. The deep black was fading into a pale gray. Here and there birds were waking and chirping their good morning to the world.

A light still burned in the corner room of the Miller home. The little desk lamp vied with the light of the dawn for

supremacy and both shone on a gray-haired woman kneeling before an open window. Her eyes were tightly closed and her hands clenched in an agony of supplication. Tears coursed down her lined cheeks.

On the desk was an open book with dainty hand-painted violets at the top of each page and smelling faintly of lavender. The pages lay open at an entry dated March 20, 1870. The letters were irregular and jerky, giving the impression of a scrawl. In two places the words were obliterated by yellow splotches.

The entry read: "Oh, God, that I could die. But I am afraid to die. Nobody knows I am guilty. I am sitting here and Duncan is dead and Bill is on trial for his life and I am guilty—I in my criminal selfishness. I played with Duncan and goaded him on. I didn't know. I loved Bill—God knows I love him even now but he won't hear. Duncan was drunk. He didn't know. Bill shot. I saw him—"

Here the entry was blurred and the pen had evidently fallen from the writer's hand.

The same dawn threw its opalescent shadows on a mound of fresh earth in the prison cemetery. The last shovel of dirt had taken with it a bunch of tiny forget-me-nots which lay wilted on the top of the grave.

LETTERS

Annapolis Letter

U. S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland.

"Dear Miss Wesleyan:

"Your editor asked me to write a letter for the 'Wesleyan' (this isn't the first time she's gotten me in trouble) about anything at all just so long as there was something nautical about it. There was something 'naughtical' about the Navy-Wesleyan football game but I'm afraid to mention that for fear all the Wesleyans (West Virginia, Ohio, etc.) are a chain of closely connected schools like Piggly-Wiggly stores. If you have any sisterly love for them maybe you'll forgive us just this one time.

"But to get to the verb, the lady in question suggests that 'you must have a simply wonderful time up there on the picturesque Severn with all your drills and then you go sailing over the bounding main in the summer time, don't you? Then months of carefree life with no worries, and they even say you have a sweetheart in every port. I wonder if that's true?"

I like to hear the girls talk that way because I know that someone really is deriving some joy from the plans mapped out by the 'Powers that be' as hard as it may be to convince a middy of that fact. They have so arranged things that everyone is like a big band of brothers up here. For example we have all decided to turn out bright and early at 6:15 every morning and if one of us is a little indisposed, there is always someone to come around and see how we are getting along. Also, we try to make new comers feel that they are a part of the organization, and I think I can safely say that first year students receive no more attention at any other institution in the country, although it is said our brothers-in-arms on the Hudson run us a close second. Not only are the new members well looked after, but the executive department makes it its policy to give each midshipman of the regiment

its closest personal supervision. Each little deed is sure to receive its just reward and it is not infrequent that a middy hears his name read out before the regiment. Imagine the pride that must be his on these occasions. However, if luck and a keen perception are his, he may keep his demerits below eight per week, in which case he is at liberty to go ashore and drown his sorrows in a caramel sundae. His sorrows are the direct results of having previously looked at the 'Dago tree' posted on the bulkhead outside the Batt. office and having seen his name draped on it for a week (this is the nautical touch the editor wanted.)



"Regarding the summer cruise, you can get first-hand information by asking any middy acquaintance of yours. We won't mention Mr. Sherman in this but will be more gentlemanly and say that it reminds us of Edison's definition of genius. Uncle Sam's 'Watch dogs of the deep' are pretty things to watch as they go plowing through Mare Nostrum, but did you ever try to keep one clean or did you ever try to keep the steam up to two hundred pounds for four hours at a stretch on the B and W boiler in a temperature that increases your vocabulary remarkably? At this point a touch of 'mal de mer' adds the necessary saulty atmosphere for you to fully appreciate your voyage over 'the bounding main.'

Occasionally the bo'sun passes the word, 'There'll be no liberty until the ship is clean,' which is a roundabout way

of saying 'never,' but you finally do get ashore to attend one of the 'blowouts' held in honor of 'our boys,' and, of course, you meet the ideal you've been searching for for lo, these many years. No one takes a middy seriously so before you can make her believe you're different, the squadron has weighed anchor and you're just as bad off as ever—sweetheart in every port, blah!



"I once got a letter from one of my lady friends in which she said she hoped she never fell for a Navy man. I didn't know whether to feel insulted or to take it as one of the standard jokes poked at the Navy; anyway, I'm going to take the opportunity to defend my classmates and prove that Navy men do make good husbands (ignoring an insign's pay.) Imagine being married to a man who for four long years has made his own bed and cleaned up his own room every morning; who has learned that it does no good to kick about the food and who can sew on a button that will stay. When the furnace fire dies down, experience gained in the boiler rooms of the Utah or Wyoming will be invaluable in making the circumstance seem trivial.

Long mid-watches will have so accustomed him to the loss of sleep that, when Baby sees fit to awaken the household, Daddy will find no inconvenience in attending to his wants. Having been taught to obey orders without question, you will need to tell him only once what you want brought home and then dismiss it from your mind. Think how nice it would be to have a husband who can change from white works, reefer and gray gloves, to drill dress, to service dress 'B', overcoats and white gloves in four minutes and thirty-nine seconds (Add constant of integration for full dress.)

"The social phase of an inmate's life (if any) might be mentioned. I can't see why the dangerous sex comes here anyway. The middies are dressed exactly alike in monkey jackets and white gloves. Think how monotonous! And the only chance the plebes get to drag is on the occasions arranged by the executive department (every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon) when Miss Springfield is the lady who receives all the attention.

"I hate to think what the editor will say if she actually gets this far so, to be nautical again, I'll 'secure' best wishes from the United States Naval Academy to 'Dear Old Wesleyan.' More power to 'Greater Wesleyan.' The Navy's for you!"

JOSEPH GISH.

"P. S. I forgot to mention that an ex-middy can live on dry bread and beans—but he doesn't like to, so we can't assure you of a happy married life if you must take advantage of this point."

"P. S. 'Ex Scientia Tridens,' which means 'Beat Army'."

Emory Letter

Emory University.

"Dear 'Wesleyan':

"Felicitations and greetings from the haunts of the druids! It has not been such a long time since a number of your fair delegates were on our campus in attendance upon the annual Emory educational conference upon the desirable apportionment of college credits. Their splendid participation in the work of this

conference, which has been degraded by the name of Summer School, even now remains as a sweet memory in the breast of many a sighing Emory man. May the coming years bring many such conferences and many such delegates as those charming young ladies from Macon, who, by their beauty and graciousness lent such a delightful air to the Emory of last summer.

"Perhaps the orthodox thing to do in a letter of this sort is to attempt to entertain through wit and buoyancy of style. Such an accomplishment is ever a thing to be coveted. But the present writer must refrain from such an endeavor, first, because he realizes that his powers to manufacture good humor are sadly lacking, and that a weak attempt at wit is the most boresome and inexcusable thing in the world, and, second, because there is something serious on his mind which he feels may be of some little importance.

"The subject that I should like to discuss very briefly is the present status of creative literature in the South. That the South, with the exception of three or four good writers, has made a very poor showing in the field of American literature is a matter hardly to be disputed. Speaking of the majority of Southern writers, where they have been expressive they have been imitative, and where they have been original they have lacked universality of appeal.

"It is not without ample justification that we are thought of as slow and behind times by the rest of the nation. We might as well face the facts, for the indictment against us stands. Only by looking at realities and putting forth our best efforts to bring our section to its rightful place in the literary world can we ever make progress. When Mr. Mencken lays the lash upon us with such stinging effect, he is merely trying to awaken and goad us into activity, for he realizes that there is too much sleeping talent in the South. Instead of resenting his harsh criticism, we should thank him for his interest in us and for the function that his satire performs.

"Not that we need agree with Mr. Mencken in everything he says about the South and its institutions. Perhaps he would be surprised to note that the Methodist Church, which he fights so bitterly, has been the builder of four of the South's greatest institutions of higher learning, Randolph-Macon, Wesleyan, Vanderbilt, and Emory, along with a score or so of smaller colleges. And, should he investigate, he would not find the curricula, aims, and spirit of our larger colleges materially different from

those of the big Northern and Eastern schools. Also, like so many people from the North, he does not understand our race problem, because he does not have to deal with it. And though we may be devoted to Prohibition, our dry attitude should certainly not prove a check to our progress. He is right when he says that we are behind, but he is mistaken when he attributes our unprogressiveness to our schools and churches, rather than to Civil War reconstruction and the prevalence of agriculture in the South. The tragedy of the South has been in its continuous economic depression.

"The great periods of literature have been those times when prosperity and optimism prevailed. The Athenians of Pericles' time, the Elizabethans, the Germans of Goethe's time, and even the Victorians felt that they were on the verge of something better.

"For the past sixty years the South has been uncertain as to just what was coming next. Her spirit has risen and fallen with the price of cotton. Consequently, most of our writers produced during that time have gone northward; not because the South did not love literature but because the South had its hands full to eke out a meager living. The plant which does not receive sufficient food for its roots and stems can hardly be expected to produce and support flowers.

"If my theory holds good, the advent of diversified industry which is now upon the South may be welcomed as a bright omen of an early increase in the South's literary productivity. We may confidently look forward to a near time when the true soul of the South will express itself in song, story, and drama. Most of us believe intuitively that the nation's greatest source of potential talent lies here. As the stage becomes set, may there appear many other Menckens, who, though they may misunderstand us, may taunt us into action. The awakening will very likely begin in such schools as ours. May we contribute our best efforts to speed the work."

C. R. SANDERS.

Emory University, Ga.

Perspective

By MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27
*Over the marsh a bird is flying,
Over the bird a wind is sighing,
Over the wind a sky is lying,
And over it all is God.*



Her Folks



HE sun was just beginning to pierce the fog moving in heavy array over the dark hulks of mountains when Mrs. Cyril Hall slid from her horse, adjusted the pleats of her short tweed skirt, and fussed at the black bow tie at the neck of her white shirt. It seemed as though her hand could not stay away from the mass of blond waves piled ostensibly upon her small head as she minced up the crooked path. As she reached the cleared space around the log dwelling she saw a long white tail wagging from behind the crude rock chimney at one side of the house and above it half of a yellow, blue-eyed face with light hair tousled on the forehead, peeping out at her.

"Where's your folks?" she asked in a pleasant enough tone. But, when she drew near the chimney, she saw four white paws and two little brown feet scurrying around the corner of the cabin. She went up the three boards that formed the rude steps, gathering her skirt close to her as she hammered the large gourd dipper hanging on the side of the wall.

A head almost like the one seen behind the chimney poked itself out of a small opening made in the door, then withdrew itself with a loud slam of the door. Immediately another head, this time one of a mass of tangled black beard and long hair, opened the door a crack, looked out, shut it again, and set up a hoarse cry for "Ma." The next head to appear was all tan bonnet, but soon a yellow calico dress appeared on the small stoop and thus assured the visitor that there was a face in the huge bonnet. The hard glint of the blue eyes in the bonnet soon made themselves seen as the woman stood questioning the visitor.

"Stranger, whut yer want?" she asked laconically.

"You have a daughter named Hildy, haven't you? She works for me."

"Wa'al. She hain't done whut yer told her?"

"Yes, Oh yes!" Mrs. Hall made haste to answer the woman's suspicious tone. "She's the best kind of cook, and she washes and irons beautifully. I came to ask a favor for her."

"Cain't she talk fer herself?" she drawled. "There hain't nary bity sense in her a sendin' yer. But cum on in 'n' hev a cheer. The place is all gormed up and things air in a turrible mommick," she apologized as she led her into the cabin.

Inside it was dark except for the circle of firelight around the huge log fire. The Wilkins did not dare to throw open the solid wooden shutters of the two windows in the room till the fog had disappeared over the mountains in the middle of the day. A tall bony figure in brown calico was bending over a pot hung over the burning log. A young boy, the owner of the first head which had peeped at her at the door, a man all beard and long black hair, the owner of the second head she saw, and an older reproduction of the first boy sat on their rough board chairs around the fire. The left hand of the woman working over the fire strayed often to a barrel on rockers which she rocked as she tended the cooking, stirring the pot one minute and patting the pone of bread the next.

There was no furniture in the room except the chairs occupied by the men, a square pine board table in the center of the room, and five box bunks on the sides of the wall.

The mass of black beard parted for a moment and this came from the head of the household interrupting Mrs. Hall's inspection of the room. "Whut does Hildy want, stranger?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. Hildy is a bright girl. She catches on to things quickly. She's been working hard for me ever since I married Mr. Hall last year and came up here into these

hills to help him build roads. When she first came to me she couldn't do a thing but cook a pone of bread like that on the fire and follow me around the kitchen. She's a smart girl now, and she's sixteen—"

"But, Miz Hall, whut's she want ez she cain't ask her pa fer?" Pa Wilkins protested.

"Well you see since she's been in Dahlonga with all the girls around her having pretty dresses and reading magazines, she—"

"I know'd hit. No good'd cum outer thet gal a leavin' her folks 'n' goin' among them high fillutin' strangers. 'N' Abner over on tother mountin waitin' to marry her 'n' settle down 'n' here she goes! Air she plumb bereft?" There was a threatening tone in the old man's voice.

Mrs. Hall proceeded hesitatingly, almost desperately. "But, Mr. Wilkins, all your daughter wants to do is to spend the money she's saved and go to school. She can do lots more for you if she has an education." She hastened to add as she saw his horrified expression. "She was afraid her folks would object, but I'm sure you'll see it's for your good and hers," she ended weakly.

He turned suddenly to the man and boy, "Zeke, yer 'n' Jeb go on. I'm a cumin'." Then addressing his wife he commanded, "Ma, the corn needs a little hoein'." The woman at the fire looked up as he said, "Sissy, yer better go over 'n' get thet cow frum Jane over on Cedar mountain rat up the gap."

"Soon's I flap this buscuit bread and po' out them leather britches," Sissy answered as she bent over the fire.

He sat silently smoking his corn cob pipe as the family filed one by one out of the room to their various tasks. Then he turned to Mrs. Hall in the same manner as he had turned to the rest and spoke deliberately, "She oughter tuk Abner in the first place. Send thet gal hum tomorrer."

* * * * *

In the dim light of the lamp Hildy moved about the kitchen putting up the

supper dishes after polishing each cup, plate, and saucer lingeringly, carressingly, pausing every now and then to flick the strands of yellow hair that slipped out of the tight knot at the back of her neck and fell over her clear blue eyes. She was a tall girl, of large frame and unusually large hands which seemed incapable of handling the dainty china cups which she was wiping so dexterously. Finishing, she dipped the little blue and white cup towel into the pan of hot suds, into the bucket of clear water near by, and shook it out in all its beauty of little blue tea pots forming a border at either end of it. With her right hand on her hip and the other holding back her stringy hair, she stood admiring it. But not for long. She seized the mop from its place on the back porch and energetically and lovingly made her blue and white linoleum floor spotless.

She was in the dining room holding the lace centerpiece of the table near her face and looking into the mirror of the buffet when Mrs. Hall returned.

The girl hastily dropped the cover on the table and began smoothing it into place. She glanced warily at her mistress.

"Wuz Pa ez techious ez I told yer?"

"Yes, Hildy, I'm sorry, but he said for you to come home tomorrow."

"He hain't thet way allers," the girl apologized. Her face usually expressionless became old and sagged looking in her hopelessness.

"Pint blank that just warn't no use," she said slowly as her eyes wandered toward the lace centerpiece her fingers were still fondling.

"But, Hildy, you'll come back and work for me? They can't object to that. And we'll see what we can do about it. Couldn't you do it any way?"

"No'm, I can't do thet. I'll cum beck," was Hildy's short reply as she marched to the back porch and began drawing water from the well with a loud creaking of the pulley wheel, thus dismissing the subject.

That night Cyril Hall related to his pretty young wife the difficulties he was

meeting in cutting a road over the largest of the Three Sisters, mountains east of Cedar Mountain and Neel's Gap where the Wilkins' cabin was. She in turn told him about her trip to Neel's Gap.

"Cyril, I do so want to help these mountain people. You should have seen these folks all crowded in that one cabin."

"Ann, you'd better leave them alone. They don't want your help or anyone else's."

"But Cyril, they can't go on like this forever, placidly accepting from each generation and keeping them all at home. It's awful!" She ended in a truly horrified tone.

* * * * *

"Lo, Bud," Hildy greeted the little clay colored boy as she walked in slow strides up the winding path letting the full skirt of her faded gray calico brush the sumac bushes on either side. She set her shoes, which she had brought in her hands, on the steps, scraped the bottom of her feet with a harsh grating sound before going into her home with the dog and boy following close behind her. When she entered there was no one in the room. The floor was spotless, all the pots and pans were in their place beside the huge fireplace, the bunks were straight, and there were only a few dried peppers on the table. Clothes were hung on stobs nailed between the logs on two sides of the room, blue and brown faded over-alls on one side and somber dresses on the other. She sat down because the walk from Dahlonga, about five miles up the mountain, had been no easy climb even for one born to it.

She had been seated but a moment when her father's bushy head appeared at the trap door to the cellar and was quickly followed by his blue overall-clad body.

"Hildy, I hain't done nary thing ter contrary yer. Whut air the matter with yer?" He began before he was fully in sight.

"Pa, a gal hez a ruther about whar she'd be put," she answered in a defiant

tone as she gazed about the almost empty room.

"Yer'd a ruther be put down thar with them white strangers. Yer gettin' too high 'n' mighty fer yer own folks, hain't yer?"

"But, Pa, I confidence Miz Hall 'n' I can do mo' fer yer ef I go ter school in the valley 'n' larns to read. I hain't a leavin' uv yer fer good 'n' all." She pleaded plaintively.

"The idear of it!" he exploded. "Yer hain't no better'n yer ma 'n' she hain't been ter town since we'uns married. 'N' Sissy married Jeb 'n's helpin' her old folks right hyar ter hum. 'N' Zeke's a marryin' Josh's Beck over by Tuska-seegee Ridge. 'N' thar's Abner a tryin' to sweetheart yer. Air yer plumb bereft, gal?"

"Pa, I hope hit hain't er gonna disconfit yer bad, but I got er strong hankerin' 'n' I gotta do hit. I've saved some."

Her mother entered at this point with an armful of wood and with her dress pinned up in front to keep her from tripping on the steps.

"Wa'al, hyar's Hildy! Yer cum ter stay, hain't yer?" she asked wiping her red hands on her dress after dumping the wood on the floor in front of the fire.

"No, Ma, she's still got notions by the remptions. She's saved some. We'uns need hit fer the craps, with the corn just a cumin' up, 'n' no taters ter grabble. Gal, yer old pa won't hev no gritted bread if yer keep on with yer notions."

Her mother pushed back her hair from her forehead and smiled down at her, "Hildy, hit's all Pa, 'n' Jeb, 'n' Zeke, 'n' Sissy, 'n' me can do ter keep up we'uns gairments 'n' rashin'. We'uns need yer help."

Looking around the almost bare walls of the cabin, Hildy saw only the contrast between them and the blue and white paper on her kitchen at Mrs. Hall's, and the wooden shutters as compared with the ruffled curtains and green blinds of the houses in town.

"Ma, I've got ter. I'll bring yer part of my earnings off 'n' on."

"Wa'al yer needn't! Yer own folks hain't good enough fer yer! Hain't no good a goin' ter cum ter yer frum them white strangers down thar. We'uns can take cyar of ourselves. We been a doin' hit. We air a gettin' old. Yer wouldn't cyar if we died of starvation, yer wouldn't. Yer air too good fer us hill folk, wa'al" Ma. Wilkins concluded contemptuously as she scraped her bare feet on the rough pine board floor and marched out. Soon the sound of vigorous splashing and rubbing on a rough pine wash board was heard by the two occupants of the cabin.

"Pa, yer cain't see how 'tis?" Hildy looked at her father wistfully.

"Yer oughter stay by yer folks" he answered. "'N' hit's time yer were a marryin' Abner." He arose and disappeared through the trap door without another word.

Hildy sat there for a long time waiting for them to return to say good-by, but they did not reappear. She went to the mantel piece and stood there looking at the strings of dried apples, peppers, bunches of herbs, twists of tobacco, and gourds full of seed which she had hung there in the fall. Her eyes dwelt long on the only picture in the room, a huge family group framed in hideous rococo showing pa in all the glory of his ten year growth of whiskers and hair.

She walked slowly from the cabin, picked up her shoes from the steps, and started down the path that led from the house. Behind her she heard the loud thumping and splashing of the washing and the clump of her father's heavy boots as he stalked out into the yard. When she reached the bend she looked back and saw the little house there in the warm sunlight, the little boy and dog playing around her mother bending over the wash tub, and her father a small black figure on the hill behind the house. She turned and began to walk briskly.

Many covered wagons with creaking brakes passed her on the road down the mountain, but she answered the friendly

greetings of her people absentmindedly. She took a short cut through the woods walking slowly, looking longingly at the blue violets, pink trailing arbutus, and mountain ivy everywhere. She waded Tumbling Creek, pausing on its banks to pull the rhododendron growing there. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived at Mrs. Hall's home.

The next day she went to school. It was April, but students were admitted anytime, for the school ran throughout the summer. As she sat in her desk near the girls in their pink and blue checked dresses with crisp organdy collars and with their hair crimped, she was conscious of her large red hands, that would not hold the pencil right, her long shapeless, colorless calico, and her stringy hair that would not stay out of her eyes as theirs did, though it was true she did not have a bow of ribbon on hers as they did.

Day after day she went to the red brick house at the far end of town and squinted at her reading lesson through yellow strands of hair and gazed shamefaced at the girls half her size yet so sure of themselves.

At recess she would go over by the creek and open her lunch while the little girls gathered in groups and giggled deliciously. If only she could giggle, too. But there was Pa and Ma up at the gap a wantin' her 'n' here she was a tryin' 'n' tryin' 'n' a gettin' no where when that little four foot Alice Brown could read ten pages while she read one, and then look at her and giggle. If only she could giggle!

They were her folks. There was no getting around that. And these didn't seem willing to take her in. Maybe they were right about the strangers in the valley. But no, Mrs. Hall, she was sticking by her and knew she'd come out all right.

She had seen her pa in town around the court house Saturday, and he had turned his back and had begun to talk to the man next to him when she passed by, so he wouldn't have to see her. Her own pa and she couldn't make $6 \times 8 = 48$ anyway.

That night she went up on Cedar Mountain to get close to the stars once more. Her pa and ma had given her a home kept running through her mind. Of course, she'd worked hard in it, yet it was hers.

She was late in washing up the supper dishes that night. She was reveling in the nice feel of the hot suds when she overheard Mrs. Hall talking in her best company tone, "Yes, it's my Hildy, who's going to school. I persuaded her to." There was a note of conquest in this last.

In the kitchen Hildy fairly beamed with pride.

"But I hear the girls say she's not doing a thing. She can't answer anything, they say. Martha and Sue have more fun giggling over her," another voice said.

"Yes, I've heard, too. And I've encouraged her so. I just don't understand. I've come to the conclusion that you can never make anything out of a

common, ordinary mountaineer, despite their ambitions."

In the kitchen the crash of a fragile cup on the linoleum was heard.

"I told Hildy to put that cat out. She didn't remember, I suppose. Oh my!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall.

In the attic Hildy was throwing her clothes into a clean flour sack. She crept out the back way and walked slowly away in the moonlight without a backward glance.

Hildy was pasting magazine pictures around the room the next afternoon with her father looking on with a gleam in his small eyes.

"I know'd yer'd stick by yer folks. I can set hyar in peace now. All my own's whar they belong."

"Pa, yer can tell Abner I'm ter hum if yer wanten," Hildy said as she stood at the door of the cabin gazing down the crooked path to the bend that led—she would never know where.

The Catch-All



Again the little freshman
Was in tears.
Great racking sobs rattled around in
Her lately reduced form.
Blistering tears leapt over her freckles
Down her cheeks, and burned
Cute little brown holes in the
Pink counterpane.
She howled, she yelled,
She hollered, and choked up in
The very latest and most approved
Fashion. (See Georgia Cracker
For details.)
Annex was alarmed!
Such things had happened when they
Were unoriented, and had not attained
Collegiate sophistication
But now—this late, when they stayed
Up till eleven every night,
Read College Humor religiously,
And even knew Mercer Boys—
It simply was not being done.
And besides this little freshman
Was not one of the fatal fifteen
That Dr. Greene publicly
And cruelly exposed in chapel.
She had made a C average in the
Subjects she had passed, counting
Chapel and shower bath in which
She was unusually proficient.
Therefore she was looked upon as a
Mental giantess and her
I. Q. (if you haven't got one ask
Somebody who has) was much
Respected.
"I know" cried Carolyn Anderson,
"She's the baby in her family.
Get the Castoria."
No spoon could be located so it
Was given and taken a la fork.
Bum results, in fact no results.

Annex at this failure,
Registered dark brown (not quite black)
Despair.

"We'll be forced to holler for help"
Decided Josephine Humphries, who
Really is talented along that
Line.

"Yoo Hoo Skinney, come on over!"
She cried; at which there was
A great noise like unto the
Rushing of mighty waters into
A swimming pool,
As Main and Georgia Skinneys
(except Julia Adelaide who was
Calling 1991)
Answered the S. O. S.
Miss Sara Lee Edwards
Took the Chair (there
Was only one.)

"What 'Smatter?" she asked
"If there is really something
Wrong, go out for basket ball.
It will make your eyes shine,
Make your hair curly,
Keep your neck clean,
It's a sure cure for pigeon toes,
Home sickness, and insomnia
And it's better than listerine
When it comes to popularity.
You've got the floor."

"I can't use it" sniffed the l. f.
"What good is a college education
When I don't know anything?"
Today in 302 I heard them talking
Bout meeting Bobs at the Rialto, and
When I said it was Sherlock who
Stayed there, they laughed.
I even offered to look it up
In Macbeth so they wouldn't be
Embarrassed, but they
Laughed!"

She broke and confessed
"I don't know anything."
Silence rained,
Salty drop by salty drop.
Sara Lee considered
"This is either a case
For True Story or Organized

Charity, but I'm not sure
Which."

"Have you a junior sister or
Are you an orphan?" Carroll Boyd
Asked the weeping willow.
"Yes" said the l. f. "I have
But she's a brunette, and I've
Found blondes are preferred."
"Silly" said the chair, "That's Men."
"Oh" said the l. f. much comforted.

* * * * *

As usual, a month passed.
For days the little freshman had
Been on a yeast diet which means
She nearly died, and ate nothing
Else.
Now full of wim, wigor, witality
And yeast, she was all puffed up
Over being ready to rise
In the world.
Her French frock (she'd dropped
Spanish) was full of
Tux and pleats of fifty-seven
Varieties.
She stood on the front steps waiting
For her unpreferred brunette.
A man, very hi-hatishly attired,
Appeared.
His nose was ambitious and
Seemed to aspire to
Better things.
He looked not where he went
And was immediately knocked down.
"Lucky Strike" rooted the l. f.
"He'll need some shock absorber
To take care of that. Is he
one of the Snooters Miss Hamilton
Knows?"

She asked a sophomore.
"Yes indeed" replied the soph
"and a first cousin to Gabriel
Snubbers."
"What" cried the l. f. "Why I knew
Gabe in grammar school. We're both
From Echeconnee."

A tres sad and lean little
Boy came by.
"Goody, I know him, too," thought the

Little freshman, feeling more
Intelligent than she had in weeks,
"He's that old book worm that the
Early bird could not have gotten if
He'd stayed in bed where all good
Worms belong.

Dr. Reuter told me."

"Poor early bird—to get
up so early and then to get
Such a skinny worm!"

Then a pitiful contrivance limped
Up College hill.

It slowed up and tipped its hat
Very tipsily.

"Hey, Aubrey" sang out the wise
Soph. "Whatcha got there?"

"This is the Fuller Brush
Club—only mustachios are eligible,
and they must grow on the campus."
He answered.

"I'm so glad I've had cooking"
Thought the l. f.

"Never would I have known what
It's all about if I hadn't
Put mustachio nuts on bonbons."
She turned and found (Cept she
Never had really been lost) the
Junior sister by her.

"Ready?" she was asked.

"You know I don't believe I need
To go away to be educated" the l. f.
Decided, "It's just like the man in jail
Said 'They also serve who only stand
And wait' and if I wait long enough—
Say till Sunday—all the funny looking
Things in Macon will come by to be
Looked over."

* * * * *

Any body who rooms on fifth, gets the
benefit of that high flying soot, and can
still say when it rains, "It isn't raining
rain to me. It's raining daffodils,"
hasn't just a poetic and beautiful soul;
she's color blind.

This space is reserved for the triumphant exultation of those who safely weathered the recent Anglo disaster.

Tips

By SARA KING, '28



HE train slowed down at Tupelo, Alabama, stopped, and Sam Payne, porter of pullman car number twenty-one, alighted, placed his step upon the ground and smiled invitingly at a prosperous looking man who came up the track.

"Car twenty-one suh. Yes suh!"

The gentleman held out his ticket which read car twenty-three to Sam who regretfully sent him on his way to that car.

A fat elderly woman puffed up carrying numerous and sundry paper-clad bundles plus two suit cases.

"A ten center," Sam reflected as he helped her aboard and carried her packages to her section. After he had settled her in her seat, placed the hat carefully on the opposite seat, answered many unnecessary questions, moved her, her bundles, her hat and her pillow across the aisle because the sun worried her, Sam retired to the rear seat of the car and sank down wearily into it. In a few minutes he was joined by the porter of car number twenty-three.

"Whatsa matter Sam? You doan look so happy."

"Hard luck Bo. Ain't had no good passengers today. Ain't got nobody now ceptin' that fat lady yonder. Guess she's a ten center, too. Ain't had a good tipper on this whole run, and golla I'se in need of money long 'bout this time of the year." Sam grumbled.

"Huh, me an' Mandy us needs money allus. I'se got a pretty good car. Got two salesmen good for a smacker, both of 'em, an' a lady whats got sparklers all over,"—here Bo spread out his fingers suggestively and smiled a genial gold toothed smile. "An' some little tippers an' the drawing room is took for tonight. That allus means a good tip,—yas suh."

"You sho is the lucky boy!" exclaimed Sam. "You allus is. I genally has mo' luck, but seems like Lady Luck herself done done me wrong. It's been that a way ever since I done lost ma rabbit foot."

"Gotta go. Ah craves eatments,—see

you later." And Bo shuffled back to his car rattling the loose coins in his pockets while Sam gazed enviously after him.

At the next station a woman got on the train with a little girl about seven years old. Sam liked children and was nice to them as he had nine of his own, but today he answered the child's questions in a distinctly "because I am paid to do it voice," and went back to his seat where he resumed his musing.

The fact was that Sam needed money, more money than he could possibly get, and in a week. Twenty dollars! One week! And pay day two whole weeks off. He knew better than to expect to get it from Lindy. The night before he had suggested that she give him some money out of that she earned as a cook, only to be met by an indignant refusal. Only too clearly did he remember the details of the painful conversation.

"Wha' for you want money?" she had asked. "You ain't got to get vittles fo' nine chillin ev'ry day an' ah is. Guess you done been gamblin' again. If you has an' I fin' it out the quicker you quits hanging round where we is at; the happier I'se gwine be," she sputtered.

"Ah jes wants to get my bearin's honey, thas all," he had rejoined.

"Bearin's- Bearin's! Will you listen to that? Memmin bearin's! Guess you think we's gwin be able to eat them bearin's! No suh, doan come pestering me fo' no money 'cause I ain't got none an' ef I did have I wouldn't give you none. An' whats mo' you good fo' nothing,—"

Here Sam had fled before her storm of words to the corner of Mitchell's Alley where he had promised Joe Shanks he would meet him to pay him the twenty dollars he had owed him for three weeks. Again Sam promised faithfully he would have the money the very next day, and when Joe suggested a quiet crap game to pass the night away, Sam weakly acquiesced and in a few minutes was squatting down on the floor of the "Black Cat,—For Colored Gentlemen Only" sweating feverishly while uttering

mournful sounds and pleading with the ivories.

"Come on seven. Come to papa. Ah needs you,—deed ah do! Come on eighter, eighter from Decatur! Lady Luck reconize yo' chile; he's callin' you loud!"

But in vain! A half-hour later he left the "Black Cat" exactly four dollars and eighty cents more in the hole to Joe.

Sam groaned at the memory. Joe had taken his watch and had promised to tell Lindy and to collect from her if the debt was not paid in a week's time,—and what Lindy wouldn't do! She was "powerful when she got riled!"—to use Sam's own expression.

The two day run proved unfruitful. It netted only ten ten cent tips, one fifty cent tip, four fifteen cent tips and two quarter tips,—making a total of two dollars and sixty cents equaled twenty-dollars and eighty cents minus two dollars and sixty cents equaled twenty-two dollars and twenty cents. A very dejected Sam returned home at the end of his run.

That night,—after much sweet talk, he again approached Lindy with the subject.

"Please, honey chile, len' yo' boss man some money. I'se gwine pay it back."

"You peeves me Sam Payne!" she flared up. "Here you comes an' pesters me with that there money question again. I informs you once an' for all that I ain't got, and ain't gonna get no money fo' to be a throwin' away on you. I ain't gwine stand fo' none of yo' foolishness. I absotively an' possolutely refuse to, I do!" And she hit the table with such an emphatic gesture that a cup of hot coffee was upset and its contents trickled upon the baby. In the confusion Sam fled from the house to meet Joe.

"Please Joe jus' gimme time,—thas all. Here's two dollars. Doan that show I'se gwine pay you? I doan owe you ceptin' twenty-two dollars an' twenty cents now. Gimme time,—hear?" he pleaded.

"Naw suh, nigger, you done had fo' weeks. I'se sick an' tired of being put off."

And these were his final words.

Sam groaned. This was Tuesday and he had until Friday, three more days in which to collect twenty-two dollars and twenty cents in cold spot cash, and the most he had ever made on a trip in tips had been fifteen dollars and that had only happened once during the Christmas rush.

Wednesday morning he went out on the road. He had several good tippers on the trip out to Kansas City which netted him eight dollars and eighty cents. Twenty-two dollars and twenty cents minus eight dollars and ten cents equaled only fourteen dollars and ten cents. But he couldn't hope to get fourteen dollars on the return trip.

The next morning as the train was preparing to pull out from Kansas City a young man came hurriedly down the track and jumped aboard.

"Hello there, Sam. How's everything, the wife and ten children,—or is it twelve?" he greeted Sam.

Sam grinned broadly. He had known Mister Jack for years, in fact he had worked as a chauffer for Mr. Bartow, Jack's father for nine years.

"Jus' fine Mister Jack. Goin' home fo' the Easter vacations? Guess you am mighty proud fo' to be going back to Birmingham. Yes suh!"

"Look here Sam, did a young girl with gorgeous blue eyes and black hair get in your car?"

Sam shook his head doubtfully, "Ah doan know suh. Seems like,—"

"Oh you'd know her if you were to see her," Jack interrupted. "She looks like an angel."

"Yes suh. Ah recollects. She's in there."

"Well look here, if you will give me the seat across from her, I will give you this." And he pulled a dollar bill out of his bill folder.

"Money sho talks Mister Jack. Follow me."

He picked up the suitcase and went down the aisle followed by the young man who strolled along as if it made no difference in the world where he sat, and just as nonchalantly settled himself,

merely glancing at the young girl in the section across the aisle. She gave him a withering look and immediately buried herself in her book which she held upside down.

"Hm," thought Sam, "he don't know her. They'll be talking soon though. Mister Jack has a way with the ladies."

But five hours later there was no difference in the attitudes of the young people toward one another except that the girl was now reading her book with the right side up. Jack sat staring straight ahead.

After dinner he strolled out upon the platform to smoke a cigarette where he was soon joined by Sam.

"Sam, all women are hopeless. They just don't understand a fellow."

Sam nodded appreciatively thinking of Lindy's recent actions and harsh words. Then,—

"Whatsa matter Mister Jack, doan you know that young lady?"

"Know her? My Lord! Until last night we were engaged to be married this summer as soon as we both graduate from college. Known her all my life, lives just down the street from me. She got mad because I wouldn't explain why I was two hours late for my date with her last night, and because my clothes smelled like whisky. I couldn't tell her that her brother was drunk and that I had to sober him up, and that was why my clothes smelled like the nasty stuff. Now she won't even listen to me."

He thumped his cigarette away into the night viciously.

Sam leaned against the rail thoughtfully.

"Whas her name?" he asked.

"Dorothy Grayson,—Dorothy Anne Grayson," he answered lingering lovingly over the syllables.

"Mister Jack you just leave it up to me, I'll fix it."

"Thanks Sam,—wish you could," and Jack went back into the car.

Both Jack and Dorothy went back to the observation car while their berths were being made up. They returned, Jack behind the girl, neither speaking.

A few minutes later when Dorothy

opened her suitcase, preparatory to going to bed, she gasped. There on top was a yellow piece of paper,—a telegram form and on it was scrawled in shakey handwriting with huge flourishing capitals the message,—

Miss Dorothy

I Love You

Mr. Jack.

She smiled; then her face fell. No, she wouldn't make up with him that easily. All the notes he could ever write her wouldn't make up for his being drunk the night before. She'd show him! She tore the note in half, and reached in the suitcase for her night clothes. She started and gasped. It was not her suit case but a man's! She parted the curtains and looked out for the porter. There on the berth opposite, sat Jack, gazing dumbfoundedly at a pair of chiffon pajamas which he held in his hand.

He glanced up and their eyes met.

"Er,—er I beg your pardon,—er these yours?" he blurted, and a blush overspread his face.

Dorothy could not help it. She burst into a peal of laughter, and then he laughed, also.

Five minutes later they were in the observation car talking quite seriously and an hour later they returned laughing and talking merrily. Sam stood by to let them pass smiling a great smile of satisfaction. Jack winked at him as he passed.

When the train pulled into the station at Birmingham the next morning Jack and Dorothy got off together, and Jack slipped a folded bill into Sam's hand as he alighted from the steps. While he looked for their suitcases Dorothy gave him another which he thanked her for and placed in his pocket without looking at it.

After the passengers had all gone he pulled out all his tips and prayerfully began to count. Six dollars and seventy-five cents in change. He straightened out the bills. They were two fives! Total sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents!

"Whopee!" he yelled to Bo. "Lady Luck's ma fren again!"

Exchanges

As a whole the December CHRONICLE was very interesting. Of the two stories "The Toll of the Sea" is decidedly the better. The characters are vividly drawn and the interest is held throughout the story. The sadness of the ending is heightened by the joy just preceding it.

There were five very impressive essays in this issue, all containing great truths. We are told that a friend is "the one with whom you are yourself, asking you to be only what you are." The following quotation from "The Cultural Aspect" contains the keynote: "A student's destiny lies in his own hands. If he desires to be 'practical' and ignore the higher arts, that is his privilege; let him root in his own mudhole."

Somewhat disappointing was the poetry in the EMORY PHOENIX for December. The poem "How Much I Love You," achieves its purpose in meaning but the word accent and the metrical accent do not always fall together. "The Death of Four Good Men," the prose poem in this issue, gives the attitude toward death as shown by persons of different religious convictions, and the season chosen to represent each phase is symbolic, and gives color to the impression.

There are several very good stories. "A Wise Father," is very interesting, in that it is different from the usual story and is well handled, yet the short sentences and many paragraphs seem carried to excess. "Before and After Taking," a realistic story presenting the modern reasons for marriage is well written. "Akkerholic," by the same author is cleverly told in typical negro dialect.

One of the best features of the November EROTHERSIAN was "The Why of Expression," showing that the field is much wider than the popular conception of it.

"Thanksgiving Day," the usual story of thankfulness, makes Tom much too precocious for his ten years. "The Constitution of the United States," though not unusual, is well written and gives much needed information.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Pine Branch, December, Georgia State Woman's College; Pine and Thistle, January, Flora MacDonald College; Emory Phoenix, October-November, Emory University; The Erothesian, November, Lander College; Depauw Magazine, Depauw University; The Aurora, January, Agnes Scott College.

To Get a Man

By LUCILLE JORDAN, '27

Setting: The living room of the Zeta Sorority House of the State University. There is an over-stuffed sofa, several chairs, a floor lamp, and a reading light by the sofa.

Characters:

Frances—A tall, dark, sophisticated, rather intellectual.

Sue—Of a managing disposition.

Peggy—A small blonde with a baby way and a Southern drawl.

Anne—A normal American college girl, frank, attractive, and pretty.

Harry—One of Peggy's followers.

Bill—A property of the Zeta's, particularly Sue's.

Jack—The man to get.

Curtain: Frances and Sue sitting on the sofa talking.

Frances: Sue, what is the matter with Anne?

Sue: Don't you know?

Frances: Of course I don't know. None of you ever tell me anything. I know that Anne has acted queer for a week.

Sue: Her Brown didn't come back after Christmas—went to the University of California. I thought it was about time she was getting tired of him any way.

Something has got to be done about it, and right away, too. We've given her a week to get over it and she's still going around in a daze. I've got a plan and I believe it will work. Wish Peggy would come on. I sent her to get Anne, but I suppose she forgot what it was I sent her after or Bob, or Joe, or Harry, or some of her motley crew stopped her on the way.

Frances (looking out of the window): She's coming now—by herself though.

Sue: Anne not with her? Where can she be?



Peggy (runs in out of breath): Sue I've looked every where and I can't find her.

Sue (patting Peggy): Poor little thing, just worked so hard for Sue. Anne's probably off in some unexpected corner. That's where she's been all this week.

(Enter Anne wearing a sport dress and carrying a book of poems)

(Silence!)

Anne: Why the sudden silence? Must have been talking about me.

Sue: You are right. We were. Sit down, Anne, and we will tell you all about it, in fact I'm anxious to. Now here is the trouble. You haven't seen Anne Grey for the last seven days.

Anne: Why Sue—

Sue: Don't interrupt me. It's true. Of course I realize you miss Brown—He was a fine boy—

Frances: And a good thing. Miss riding in that car?—dances—games—and out to dinner every Sunday night and usually during the week, too. He was terribly jealous.

Sue: It's a shame to lose him.

Anne (amazed): Lose him, I haven't—

Sue: As I was saying—it's too bad to lose him. But then he's no good in California. You've got to have a cavalier on the campus, otherwise the campus is blank. You gave Brown too much of your time and now you haven't even a prospect to start working on. I told you so!

Peggy: Anne, Sue is right. The campus is blank without cavaliers.

Frances: Well, Peggy, the campus for you is certainly covered with points of interest then. Who can blame them though? I enjoy the drawl too and

your flattery—their masculine ego thrives on it.

Sue: This much is settled—you must have some one to go with here. Now the question is, "Who will it be?"

Anne (very much excited): Sue, Sue, I can't. I'm wearing Brown's pin and you know what I think about girls—

Sue: Yes I know you are. I'll have to admit in a way a frat pin is a handicap, but it can be overcome. Some boys like the thrill of winning a girl that is supposed to belong to some body else.

Frances: Be sensible and not sentimental for once in your life, Anne. Brown could never qualify for a husband and now that he is not here—he's not eligible for a sweetheart.

Peggy: Frances, you sound so heartless and unromantic.

Frances: Not heartless—just frank and as for romance—when I'm thirty years old it'll not be romance I want.

Anne: Well I don't know, but let's hear the plan.

Sue: That's the spirit. After all it's for you we are planning. Now I believe Gilbert Farland would serve the purpose.

Peggy: He has the loveliest long eye lashes and I'm crazy about the way he dances and—

Frances (disgusted): He can't comprehend anything deeper than an Elinor Glyn novel. For heaven's sake leave him out. I suggest Roy Meyers.

Anne: I like him all right, but I don't think he would like me. He has always gone with such blase intellectual creatures. Let's think of some one else.

Peggy: Any of the Alpha Kappa's would be lovely.

Frances: They would, Peggy, but could you stand to give up a single one of them?

Peggy: Why, Frances, of course I could. They don't like me.

Frances: Oh no, the whole frat just follows you around about half the time.

Sue: I agree with Peggy, I believe we

had better get an Alpha Kappa. They rate well and entertain quite a bit. It's a dead secret, Bill told me not to dare tell it, so do be careful and not mention it. The Alpha Kappa's are going to give a big dance next month.

Peggy: Oh, I think I'd better get that dress I wanted. It doesn't cost so much and I haven't a thing to wear. I think green shows up good on a dance floor, don't you?

Anne (excited too): I've got to get a bid.

Frances (bored): Oh, It'll be like all the rest, nothing new, nothing individual, the same old crowd.

Sue: Pay no attention to gloomy Frances. Come on, let's name some more A. K's. I think it had better be one of them.

Frances: Peggy, you name them. It ought to be as easy for you as naming your roommates.

Peggy: All right. Joe McClaren—

Anne: Leave out football players—I don't like the type.

Peggy: Clinton Harris, then—

Sue: He has a girl studying art in New York and he's the kind it would take too long to teach to forget.

Peggy (with the air of settling on the right one): Well Hal—

Frances: Hal who?

Peggy: Hal West.

Frances: Must not be so very much, I never heard of him.

Peggy: You ought not to say that. I like him. He has the loveliest manners. You judge too—

Anne: You two hush, and go on, Peggy.

Peggy: Austin White, he's new; came from the University of Virginia this term.

Sue: Can't say about him. Keep him in mind, he might do. How about Hamilton Moore?

Frances: Pass him up he's too good looking to make a good campus beau.

Peggy: Well what's the matter with Dean or Wheeler Far? Oh, but wait, I know the very one—Jack Hodges!

Sue: Jack Hodges—he's the very one, don't know why we didn't think of him before this.

Peggy: We might have a hard time 'cause he doesn't seem to care very much for girls.

Frances: It's time he was, and Anne's a good one to do it. She can handle the backward boys. Now for me I prefer the trained ones. The more experienced the better.

Peggy (shocked): Fr-an-ces—

Frances: Calm down, it's the truth.

Sue: Anne, what do you think of him; you haven't said a word?

Anne: I like him all right, but—

Sue: No but—he's the one. It would be quite a conquest for the sorority. Let's see, he hasn't cared anything about any body since my freshman year. He was in love with Nancy Hunt then. He was grand to her, let her have his car—took her to all the—that will make it more fascinating.

Anne: But Sue, do be quiet for a minute and let me finish what I started. That is just it. I heard he went to see Nancy, Christmas, and they patched up the old affair. Now that ruins it for me.

Frances: The idea—you can't rekindle flames with much success. If he's the one you want, don't stand back on account of that. You are as good a girl as she is, and much closer. Being on the location doesn't hinder matters any. Jack's a pretty good old boy, and I suppose his I. Q. is all right.

Peggy: That's all you ever think about.

Frances: Better think about that than looks if you can't think about but one thing, and you'll have to admit you and I seem to have one track minds. His grandfather was senator—so I guess his family is all right. He's a senior, too, and that is something to consider. It doesn't pay to get too serious with an underclassman—wedding bells too far off.

Anne: For heaven's sake don't go so fast. As for wedding bells—that's not the idea at all. If you don't think I need to worry about Nancy, I'd just as soon have him as any one. Ques-

tion is now—how to go about it?

Sue: It's going to be easy. Just let me manage this campaign. Peggy, go phone Harry and tell him to bring Jack around to the house when he comes.

Peggy: Right now?

Sue: Of course, there's no time to lose. (Peggy goes to phone)

Now let's see, Anne, what will you wear? Put on that sport dress—the white one. No that's too mannish. How about that tight waisted yellow dress of mine? Put that on; boys always like that.

Peggy: Anne, better hurry, Harry's coming right around.

Sue: Look, here comes a boy with a special delivery letter. (Goes to door takes it from him) Who's it for? (Anne comes back to see it. Peggy runs over to look over Sue's shoulder).

Peggy and Anne: Who's it for, Sue?

Sue (handing it to Anne): It's for you. I'm disgusted. I wanted it.

Peggy: Who's it from?

Anne (showing signs of excitement): Brown. (Opens letter and starts reading it, while the others sit around and watch her. She looks as if she might cry.)

Sue: Anne, you had better put that letter up and go on and dress.

Anne (stands up and shows signs of anger): I'm not going to dress; I don't want to see anybody but Brown. I don't want to see that old Jack Hodges. I wouldn't have him if I could get him. So there! (starts to leave the room)

Peggy: Harry'll be here any minute now with Jack. What are we going to do?

Sue: Frances, for heaven's sake say something. Anne, wait. You are going to ruin all our lovely plans. Please try it, Anne, won't you? (Anne stops and listens). Think Anne, there's the dance—you know you want to go to that. The game next week—and

every thing. Jack's so darling. Listen to me. You can still love Brown but think how nice it would be to have Jack, too. I know you can get him if you want to.

(Anne looks brighter).

Frances: I say; Anne, I bet Brown's not being such a fool with all those good looking co-eds. Don't let him get ahead of you. He need not know about this affair, and if he does it'll do him good.

Anne (still rather doubtful): I'll do it, I suppose. I don't much want to though.

Sue: Well we can't possibly do it unless you make up your mind.

Anne: All right—I will have Jack Hodges! Does that suit you?

Sue: Yes, and run on and dress.

(Exit Anne)

Anne ought to get him with out much trouble. What do you two think?

Frances: Anne usually gets what she wants—especially if it's a boy and she wants him badly enough. Then with the assistance of the sorority it ought to be perfectly simple. The poor fish hasn't even a chance.

Sue: Yes, I think this is a pretty good formula to get a man (1) Decide on the one you want; (2) Get your girl friends to help.

Peggy: Do you think that will work, Sue?

Sue: Of course it will work—and he'll never suspect that the girl picked him out. He'll think he was the one that made her like him. No woman ever got a man she wanted without first deciding she was going to have him. The man discovers that she is the girl he wants after it has been already settled in her mind.

Peggy: Maybe he'll ask her to the dance.

Sue: Of course he will—we'll see to that. All Anne needs is a chance and some assistance from her sisters. Anne's a quick worker.

Peggy: I wish I were like Anne.

Frances: Why do you want to change?

Your doll face is working pretty well.

Sue: Ah, here comes Harry. Frances, do tell Anne not to come out until we call her.

Peggy: But that's not Jack Hodges with him.

Sue: You told him to bring Jack didn't you?

Peggy: Yes, I did. I told him just what you told me to. (hurt tone.) (Boys enter.)

Harry: Hello; Peggy, "Little Rebel"—

Sue: I say, Harry, where is Jack?

Harry: Couldn't find him. One would think you were not glad to see Bill—really; Sue, he's a fine boy.

Bill: Thanks, Harry, Sue sees me so much I'm like a piece of property; nothing to get excited over.

Peggy: Bill's such good looking property we are always glad to show him off.

Sue: But I insist on having Jack. Peggy, why don't you and Harry look for him?

Peggy: All right, we will, won't we Harry?

Harry: Yes, anything you say. (exit Harry and Peggy.)

Bill: Clever of you, Sue, to get rid of them. There are quite a few things I want to say to you. (sit down on sofa together.)

Sue: Save them for another time. I've business to attend to. What do you think of Jack Hodges?

Bill: Fine boy—doesn't care much about dating around with co-eds—not since that Nancy Hunt affair. I wish he would take more interest in the fair ones—think it would do him good.

Sue: I'm glad to hear you say that. It's exactly what I thought. But haven't you heard him talking about Anne?

Bill: No, can't say I have.

Sue: Well, that's funny because I heard today that he talked about her constantly. Of course he's never had a date with her or anything—I told Anne and she was delighted. Said he had

been her secret sorrow for three years. She raved until we threatened to put her out of the house. That's why we told Harry to bring him around.

Bill: I understand now—

Sue: Her raving was equal to Peggy's.

Bill: It couldn't possibly be so.

Sue: It is, and furthermore, I think she's having an effect on all of us.

Bill: Not on Frances: I can't imagine her soft and sweet or staring at anyone with wide-eyed wonder as Peggy does. That little Southern blonde can certainly make a fool out of a man. Harry is completely captivated—he doesn't know where he is or what it's all about half the time. He is really dangerous.

Sue: It won't last. Anne can hold one twice as long as Peggy.

Bill: I'll grant you that, but as for numbers, I'll give it to that doll face. She's got the A. K.'s eating out of her hand. O, but I say, Sue, let's talk about ourselves for a change. Sometimes I wish you didn't have a single sorority sister—then maybe you could be interested in me occasionally.

Sue: Bill, I am interested in you but today I have Anne on my mind. If you hear Jack say anything about her be sure and tell me. You might tell him how she raved about him—

Bill: They are coming back—just my luck.

Sue: They have Jack. I don't blame Anne; he is good looking.

(Enter Peggy, followed by Jack and Harry)

Jack: Oh, are we intruding?

Bill: No, Sue and I were only gossiping about our friends, never anything personal.

Sue: Do come in.

Harry: Well, Bill, you evidently enjoy it I find you here often enough.

Sue: Peggy explained it, we like him for furniture, decorative of course. He's so collegiate—adds atmosphere, makes the other girls jealous.

Peggy: Harry, this time next week we won't be sitting here, will we? We'll

be on our way through the country to see a good old basketball game!

Jack: That's right, only a week off—I ought to ask some girl to go—but then there is no one here that would be interested.

Sue: If you were not fishing for compliments I know about six good ones I would give you.

Jack: Come on, Sue, give them to me, I need something. I've had so much to worry me since Christmas.

Bill: What in the world have you had to worry about?

Jack: I'll bet you or any one else can't guess, and I'm sure I'll not tell you. But come on, Sue, and tell me.

Sue: Just to show you I'm a good sport all right: Anne Grey has been raving about you all day. You've been her secret sorrow for three years. Since she saw you in the play Thursday she has had a severe attack of the malady. Loves your eyes, your hair, your indifferent attitude, your—

Jack: Sue, Sue, I say, let up, let up. I didn't bargain for all this.

Peggy: Sue, I didn't hear Anne say that he was—

Sue: Well, it's because you were not listening. (gives Peggy a hard look.)

Peggy: Yes, I do believe I did hear her raving.

Bill: Secret Sorrow, Jackie—

Harry: How much would you charge for a few lessons on how it's done?

Jack: Sue, I say, is any of this true?

Sue: I don't tell fairy tales, Jackie boy.

Jack: Too hard to believe.

Bill: You ought to ask that girl for a date. Why not take her to the game?

Jack: Would she go with me?

Sue: I think she has a date but you might ask her, one might be willing to break a date to get to go with one's secret sorrow, you know.

Jack: I believe I will ask her. She wouldn't go if she knew as much about me as I do about myself, in fact, I'm a dirty dog to ask her.

Harry: What's the trouble, old man? Why so hard on your self?

- Jack: Oh, nothing. Where is Anne now?
- Sue: She's here. Go call her, Peggy.
- Harry: Don't make Peggy leave me.
- Bill: Sue can't leave me—the freshman will have to go. Advantage of going with a senior, Harry.
- Harry: Wait until Graduation to brag about that.
- (Exit Peggy)
- Sue: I would like to see you and Anne going together. You two would make a good pair.
- Jack (looking rather worried): She is crazy about Brown; I haven't a chance. Besides, I can't afford to have an affair. (hurriedly.) It would never do—couldn't possibly do it.
- Sue: That's silly, Jack. Now as for Brown—that's ancient history now. Why do you think he went to California? She never was as crazy about him as everybody supposed she was.
- Bill: Say I didn't know that. Sue, you didn't tell me.
- Sue: Do you think I tell you everything?
- Bill: I thought so, especially if it were about one of the dear sisters.
- Sue: It's true all the same. It was something like this affair of Peggy and Harry's.
- Harry: You need not bother about rubbing it in. (Enter Peggy and Anne.) Ah come on, Peggy, and tell these people you love me.
- Peggy: But, Harry, I didn't tell you that. You know I didn't—
- Bill: Harry's teasing, Peggy. We know you couldn't love that—
- Anne: Oh—what lovely company, why didn't you call me sooner?
- Bill: Jack, you must be the lovely company; we don't come under that classification.
- Sue: Move, Peggy, and let Anne sit by the lovely company.
- Bill: Let's not sit. Let's do something. What will it be?
- Peggy: Anything suits me.
- Sue: I'm not so easily pleased.
- Bill: What do you want to do? Just mention it and we'll do it.
- Sue: Go get something to eat.
- Harry: That always suits me.
- Bill: Then let's be off in search of nourishment.
- Sue: Punch Jack and Anne, they might want to go, too.
- Jack: Er—yes, what is it? You want to do what?
- Bill: Go get some food, you know something to eat.
- Jack: What about it, Anne?
- (Sue shakes her head at Anne.)
- Anne: I'm too lazy to move and I'm not hungry either. Believe I'd rather stay here.
- Bill: I can see that Jack is not hungry, too. Come here a minute, Jack. (Bill takes Jack to one side and talks to him.) My advice is shoot her a heavy line and watch her fall for it!
- Jack: Er—er Bill, I can't, you see—
- Bill: Do as I say, man, don't let a chance like that slip by you.
- Jack (thinks a minute): Well I may—(very thoughtful.) It might be a good idea.
- Harry: It is a dirty deal you are putting over on us, Anne, and I wouldn't stand for it but I realize it would do me no good to stay here with Peggy,—might as well go with the crowd—enjoy the eats.
- (All leave except Anne and Jack)
- Anne: Jack, you should have gone on. I didn't mean to keep you, I just—
- Jack: Forget it. I didn't want to go. Food—get that any time and this is the first time I've had a chance to talk to you alone.
- Anne (laughing): Whose fault? We've been here at school together for four years.
- Jack: I'll admit part of the fault is mine, but with Brown playing shadow I didn't get much chance.
- Anne: Don't let's talk about ancient history.
- Jack: All right if you can prove it is ancient history.

Anne: I can. Give me a chance. You see I haven't the pin I once had.

Jack: So I noticed. Go to the game with me next week—I'll accept that as part proof.

Anne (hesitates a minute): Yes, I will. Now you see!

Jack: Score one point for Jack Hodges! Wonder if it will end 1 to 0? Let's be frank, Anne. You probably think I'm crazy but I've decided that I ought to go with somebody here and I've picked you for that somebody—You are just the type of girl I'm looking for. You know, I've heard that girls from the minute they meet a boy can tell whether they could love him, marry him, or just be friends with him. I believe it is so. Anne, won't you tell me what class you have put me in? (To one side.) Hope it isn't the marrying class—that would never do.

Anne: Some girls might be able to do that but I'm afraid I can't. Not this minute any way.

Jack: I'll give you some time—suppose we say after we make that trip over to the game. Think about it good and don't ruin my hopes—I want you. (aside.) In fact if you only knew it I need you or some one.

(Frances walks out)

Anne: Where going so dressed up?

Frances: Didn't know any one was here—thought I heard every one leave.

Jack: We decided not to go, won't you join us?

Frances: Not hardly. Good-bye!

Jack: Have you forgotten what we were saying?

Anne: Not a word of it. What you meant was you wanted a girl, not particularly me.

Jack: You are wrong. It's you I want and it's you I'm going to have. (To one side.) She hit it nearer than she knows.

(Group returns laughing and carrying candy with them.)

Bill: We wish to present you with this token of our love and esteem.

Harry: You don't deserve it—we are always generous though.

Jack: Good—

Sue: Ah, thought you were not hungry—I knew better. Why that was so thin even Peggy saw through it.

Peggy: Harry, don't let her talk about me like that.

Harry: Let Sue say anything she wants to we'll love you just the same.

(Jack offers Anne the candy)

Anne: No, really I don't care for anything to eat. Sue is mistaken.

Bill: Drop the pose, Anne, I see hunger sticking out all over you.

Anne: It's too near dinner now to eat.

Harry: That's the time to eat, I always—

Jack: Dinner—better leave hadn't we?

Harry: Oh no, sit down, the ideal! Pay no attention to hints.

Bill: When the bell rings, we'll leave; not a minute before.

(Bell rings)

Jack: All right, Bill, let's go.

Harry: Wait, they may ask us to stay.

Sue: No chance. Good-bye!

Harry: Don't be in such a hurry, we are still here—

Sue: Believe you are going to stay, too.

Bill: No indeed, our feelings are hurt, we are going at once.

(All start toward the door.)

Jack: Farewell—and from now on count me in as property—not company!

(Frances enters looking very excited for Frances)

Boys: Hello, Hello Frances.

Frances (glaring at Jack): Did I hear you say "count you in as property?"

Jack: Yes, won't you let me be that?

Frances: I can hardly see how you would have the nerve to ask it.

(Jack doesn't answer, and all go on out looking upset)

Anne: Frances, what in the world made you say that to Jack? I believe I'm going to like him good. I've a date with him for the game next week—

Sue: Hooray! who said the Zeta's don't know how to get what they want when it is a man!

Frances: Just a minute—I think I have some very startling news. It might make you change your minds about a few things. Anne, don't let the shock be too much—

Anne: What is it? Do go on.

Sue: Yes, do.

Frances: Well, sit down. Anne, tell me what Jack said to you.

Anne: He said—oh I don't know—what's that got to do with it?

Frances: Go on, tell me, did he shoot you a line?

Anne: Yes, I would say he did. He said he wanted to go with me. I was the girl he wanted.

Frances: As a shield, I guess; pretty clever. Don't trust a one of them. It doesn't pay!!

Anne: But the point of all this—

Frances: Jack Hodges is Married!

(The shock is complete)

Anne (screams): No-O-o!!

Peggy: Frances, I don't believe it is true. He is so nice and he looked like he was falling for Anne.

Frances: Of course you wouldn't believe anything bad about anybody.

Sue: Whom did he marry, and when?

Anne: Do tell it all.

Frances: He married Nancy Hunt, Christmas—when he went to see her.

I'll have to admit I was wrong, Anne, when I said not to worry about her.

Sue: How did you find out about it?

Frances: I was over at the Delta house this afternoon when Sara Winn, you

know, Nancy's old roommate got a wire from her. It seems that her mother found it out and is going to have it announced tomorrow. They had planned to keep it a secret until Jack graduated.

Sue: I'll never recover from the shock. Why didn't Jack know this afternoon that it was going to be announced tomorrow?

Frances: I suppose Nancy had wired him, too, or phoned him, one, but you know he hasn't been at the house this afternoon.

Peggy: I think he was awful to talk to Anne like he did.

Frances: I guess he thought if he had a small affair with Anne no one would suspect about Nancy. You'll have to admit that was rather a good idea.

Anne: I don't care—really I don't. I'm glad I found it out in time not to make a fool out of myself. I told you I didn't want to try it. You made me do it. I'd rather have Brown than fifty Jack Hodges.

Sue: Yes, than fifty Jacks, but everybody isn't like Jack. We won't give up just because he happened to be secretly married. That was a bad start but we'll find another one. Who will it be?

Anne: I can tell you—nobody here!

Sue: The idea, Anne, you have got to go on now to save our pride and prove that our formula will work.

Frances: May I suggest before we go on that we add to our formula—

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- (2) Be sure that he is single!

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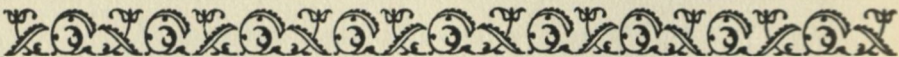
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